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"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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Helen Keller's "Spiritual Liberator"

(From the Philadelphia North American, May 8, 1913)



MARK TWAIN once named Napoleon and Helen Keller as the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century.

"I think he should have included the remarkable woman who has made Helen Keller what she is," said a certain Philadelphian, after attending Tuesday's "lecture" by this southerner, who is deaf, dumb and blind and her teacher and inseparable companion for twenty-six years, Mrs. John Albert Macy, best known to the world as Miss Anne Sullivan.

We concur in this opinion. Without any lessening of our wonder at and admiration for the part played by Miss Keller in her own marvelous development, we feel that equal, if not greater, credit belongs to the woman who has reaped from a seemingly hopeless task a result so super-natural as to be really miraculous. For it is a miracle to make the dumb speak; yet distinct articulation is but one of the unusual accomplishments acquired by Helen Keller, with the assistance of Miss Sullivan, of whom the Poet Whittier once said to Miss Keller, "She is thy spiritual liberator."

Our belief that Mark Twain erred in not extending his superlative to include this woman whose modesty has largely stood in the way of a just approximation of her unparalleled achievement is based not only upon the facts in the case as widely known, but also upon other and little-known facts, for which we have the highest authority.

All the world knows how the uncommonly bright 19-month-old baby girl, the joy of a rose-bowered home in Tuscumbia, Ala., was robbed of the three major senses by an attack of what the doctors then called acute congestion of the stomach and brain; how this curly haired toddler, who had begun to talk at 9 months, and on the day she was a year old had walked half way across her room in pursuit of a sunbeam, was suddenly cast into absolute darkness and stillness by a strange fever, which vanished with the swiftness that had marked its attack.

It is not generally known, however, that this mysterious storm which wrecked her dawning day



HELEN KELLER

left her merely a young animal, and even less, for young animals are aided by instinct. At 2 years Helen Keller was a prowless, rudderless little hulk adrift on a sea of blackness—so unable to control even the most elementary of bodily functions that, in a household less lighted by love, she might have been neglected or mistreated as an insufferable affliction.

"Her form was the only human thing about her," was the description once given us by a man intimately concerned with her life up to the time of his death, a few years ago.

"No one who did not see the child at that time

can begin to understand what Anne Sullivan has done for Helen and for humanity," continued this notable New Yorker. Like all those intimately acquainted with the magnitude of the teacher's task, he ranked her as a marvel equal, if not superior, to the transformed girl from whom she never has been separated since March 3, 1887, when she tremblingly approached her new pupil, only to be hurled back into Captain Keller's arms by a wild and aimless charge from the untamed child of 7.

At that time five years of tolerance, born of love and infinite patience, had humanized Helen. Still she was a restless, uncontrollable, groping being; and had not her mother read Dickens' "American Notes" of the famous Laura Bridgman, who, though deaf and blind, was educated, it is likely she would have remained such and that Miss Sullivan's great gift to humanity would have been lost or long delayed.

The young teacher, who herself had been almost totally blind from early infancy until she was grown when she recovered her sight, was distressed at the prospect. Helen's first fit of "terrible temper," which resulted in a battle royal, led her to write a friend: "I suppose I shall have many such battles with the little woman before she learns the only two essential things I can teach her—obedience and love."

So, on Miss Sullivan's part, it was not merely a matter of applying certain rules and precepts. Indeed, except for Dr. Samuel Howe's teaching of Laura Bridgman, there was no

precedent, and the conditions and personalities involved in the two cases differed so radically that his undertaking was in all essentials unique.

To prepare herself for her new task, this young woman of 21, whose education had been hindered by the blindness already mentioned, had only seven months, yet she was impelled by a mysterious force which she could not understand. In her first confession of this, written to a friend after she had been with Helen for only a few weeks, she said:

Something within me tells me that I shall succeed beyond my dreams. Were it not for some circumstance that make such an idea highly improbable,



OFFICERS, TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR DEAF

even absurd, I should think Helen's education would surpass in interest and wonder Doctor Howe's achievement. I know that she has remarkable powers, and I believe that I shall be able to develop and mold them. I cannot tell how I know these things. I had no idea a short time ago how to go to work; I was feeling about in the dark; but somehow I know now, and I know that I know. I cannot explain it; but when difficulties arise, I am not perplexed or doubtful. I know how to meet them; I seem to divine Helen's peculiar needs. It is wonderful.

However divine the impulse, the goal toward which it pointed was to be reached only through a remarkable exercise of human qualities which are mainly the fruitage of willing and working.

In this lies the superior magnitude of the incentive furnished by Miss Sullivan's career as compared to Miss Keller's. The latter's phenomenal progress must be attributed chiefly to an exceptional circumstance rightly gauged by one who says, "To have another Helen Keller there must be another Miss Sullivan." The former's success is the result—aside from a sympathy in some measure so innate as to be beyond cultivation—of such generally cultivable human attributes as intelligence, wisdom and sagacity coupled with perseverance and unbending will.

That a large measure of maternal solicitude and enthusiasm was needed from the start must be obvious to any one acquainted with the barest facts of that barren beginning. It required something more than mere determination to brook the crisis of the first family breakfast after the new teacher's arrival, when Helen's outburst of passion at being denied her own way was so terrible as to drive from the room every one except Miss Sullivan, who, after locking the doors, undertook a two-hour siege which reduced her to a state of exhaustion, but gave the poor little prisoner her first gleam of the law of obedience.

It took a measure of common sense prophetic of the present-day Montessori brand to figure out a policy so wise as the one thus expressed by Miss Sullivan two months later:

"I am beginning to suspect all elaborate and special systems of education. They seem to me to be built up on the supposition that every child is kind of idiot, who must be taught to think. Whereas, if the child is left to himself, he will think more and better, if less showily. Let him go and come freely, let him touch real things and combine his impressions for himself, instead of sitting indoors at a little round table while a teacher suggests that he build a stone wall with his wooden blocks or make a rainbow out of strips of colored paper. Such teaching fills the mind with artificial associations that must be got rid of before the child can develop independent ideas out of actual experiences."

She was being taught while teaching, as always is the case. Also she was being so harassed and handicapped by the child's inequalities; her progress with Helen was so punctuated by defeats and failures

that if she had done anything more than stick to her post that first year she would be worthy of praise.

But when one considers how willingly she sacrificed every form of personal freedom commonly held dear in order to see if there might be a way out for those deprived of sight and hearing, and an avenue of escape for others shackled by such mental deficiencies as are born of the pitiful lack, and how her ceaseless efforts have been rewarded not only by such a concrete result as the Helen Keller of this day, but the discovery of ways to surmount hitherto insurmountable barriers, she becomes a marvel as well as a hero.

It is indeed a far cry from the deaf, dumb and blind little girl of 7, who was little more than an animal, to the exquisitely rounded personality of the charming woman of 33—age of divine significance—who has mastered all branches of learning, speaks three and reads five languages, plays both the piano and violin, has read more widely than the average college-bred woman and written two successful books, corresponded with the choicest minds of her time, lectured in various parts of the land and, in addition to her activity along progressive lines of social reform,

holds the degree of bachelor of arts from one of the foremost women's colleges in the country.

In the presence of this transformation, it seems childish to quibble over the possibilities of such an occurrence as the casting away of the scales from the eye of the blind Bartimaeus, who sat begging without the walls of Jericho!

As a matter of fact, we feel that Helen Keller is an answer to all those so blind as to wonder why men and women should greatly concern themselves with the deficient, the dwarfed, the deprived, whether through physical or social ailments.

And we feel that the woman who made possible every step of this miraculous achievement, without whom the great lesson and encouragement of Helen Keller's life would have been lost to the world, is no less a marvel than her charge and no less an answer to that other blind question, "What's the use?"



SUPERINTENDENT AND TEACHERS OF THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



CLASS IN PRINTING—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



CLASS IN WOOD-WORKING—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

ERNSTOGRAPHHS

By ERNST

Subject: *The Deaf in Business.*

IN our country there are undoubtedly many deaf men engaged in a small business about whom we never hear anything. Where the business is large or national in character they are all associated with some other member of the family. I do not believe there is any deaf business man who is the sole proprietor, or chief owner, of a big business employing large capital and many hands. Even if there were it is an open question whether it would have been good policy to employ the deaf in preference to the hearing, granting that the former were fully as capable as the latter. At all our state schools for the deaf the cooks, bakers,—in fact nearly all kinds of help—are hearing people. Excepting engineers and the like there are few positions at these schools which could not be satisfactorily filled by the deaf. But they are not. Why? Not good business policy to have so many deaf employees, I suppose. What upholds this business policy? The influence of public opinion.

Of late years much has been written about the influence of the mind over the body as well as over the affairs of life. In plain language we are told that to think of attaining a certain object, planning for it and persistently fighting for it causes us to succeed in winning that object. Failure should only serve as a lesson for better efforts the next time, and the next. No great invention was ever a success without repeated failures, and there is hardly a great business establishment anywhere that did not meet with many discouragements at first. What has been said does not mean that I, for instance, could succeed in becoming a banker by thinking, wishing and striving to be one. Far from it. What I wish and continually hope and plan to become must be within reason and capable of attainment by myself. Speaking of bankers, I will switch off a little and remark that there is not a solitary deaf banker in the United States, in spite of the fact that some correspondents and editors of our school papers call a real estate agent a "banker." So also do they call a teacher of an elementary class a "professor," in spite of the fact that there are just two deaf *bona fide* professors in this country, and both are connected with Gallaudet College. Some deaf teachers who have long been in the service and who instruct advanced grades are called "professors" by courtesy, but those who teach such wondrous construction of the King's English as—



JOHN E. ROSENSTEEL
Who is in the Garage business.

A cat did run,
The story is done.

should insist on being dubbed plain "Mr."

Here is what Orison Sweet Marden, that celebrated writer who has inspired thousands of men, young and old, to a successful career says on the subject I have been speaking of:

If you want success, abundance, you must think success, you must think abundance.

If you would attract good fortune you must get rid of doubt. As long as that stands between you and your ambition, it will be a bar that will cut you off. You must have faith. No man can make a fortune while he is convinced that he can't. The "I can't" philosophy has wrecked more careers than almost anything else. Confidence is the magic key that unlocks the door of supply.

I never knew a man to be successful who was always talking about business being bad. The habit of looking down, talking down, is fatal to advancement.

Stoutly deny the power of adversity or poverty to keep you down. Constantly assert your superiority to your environment. Believe that you are to

dominate your surroundings, that you are the master and not the slave of circumstances.

It seems there are more deaf men engaged in the printing business than is generally supposed. There is Osce Roberts, of Birmingham, Ala., for example. He taught in the Alabama School for the Deaf for about sixteen years, and then resigned to engage in printing, having learned the trade in his father's office. He is a manufacturer of rubber stamps as well as a printer and has a good business, enjoying the patronage of nearly all the largest industrial and banking corporations in his district.

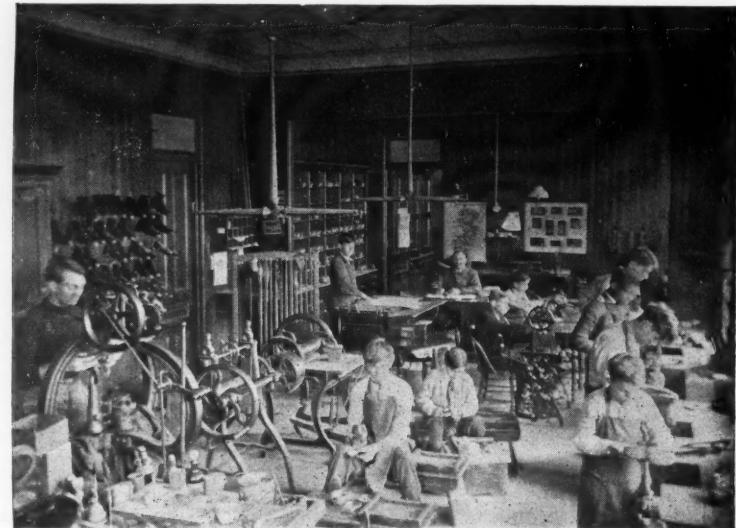
Other deaf men owning a printing business are Theodore Lounsbury, of New York; O. Christensen, of Seattle, who also publishes *The Observer*; Elliott S. Waring, of Grinnell, Ia., who has been at it so long he must have amassed a huge fortune, and should begin to arrange for the founding of libraries like Andrew Carnegie before he passes to the unknown beyond, where the printer's devil can torment him no more; Norman V. Lewis, of Los Angeles, reported to be a fine printer and who got out the proceedings of the National Association of the Deaf; Geo. T. Sanders, of Philadelphia, reported to be wealthy and to be running his business merely to have something to do; Thomas McCreary, of Buckhannon, W. Va., who also publishes a weekly and is a veteran at the business; Messrs. Chandler and Eldridge (both deaf), of Lenoir, Tenn., said to be doing an extensive job business; Percy W. Lignon and another mute, Atlanta, Ga.; W. L. Hill, Athol, Mass.; W. W. Beadell, Arlington, N. J.; and P. Philpott, Clendenin, W. Va.

I think a garage business with the agency for several automobiles, motorcycles and bicycles is a good one for a deaf man, especially one mechanically inclined. There happens to be such a man in Ebensburg, Penna., whose picture is here given. His name is John E. Rosensteel, and he was educated at the Buffalo and Western Pennsylvania Schools. He learned shoemaking, but like many others had to abandon it after leaving school and took to repairing bicycles, later taking an agency for them, drifted into the sporting goods business, and five years ago opened a garage business. He holds the agency for the Indian and Excelsior Motorcycles and the Ford, Mitchell and Paige automobiles. Mr. Rosensteel is married and has lived in Ebensburg 17 years.

Some of my readers probably would like to know how dealers in riding machines manage to keep a number of high-priced horseless vehicles on hand.



CLASS IN SEWING AND MILLINERY—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



CLASS IN SHOEMAKING—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

A Chicago friend who is in the business informed me that agents or dealers have to pay only 10 per cent of the price of a machine, and it will be sent them to be placed on sale. If a \$250 motorcycle, which is the average price, is wanted, only \$25 cash is sent the manufacturers. Of course they have an arrangement for holding the dealer responsible for the balance, as "a man's word is as good as gold" was played out many years ago.

Two deaf brothers have for a number of years been conducting a prosperous jewelry business in Bristol, Va. They are James and Silas Pendleton, expert jewelers and watch repairers. In Lakeland, Fla., resides another deaf man named Reuben Herron who is engaged in the same business. These cases have led me to believe the trade of watch repairing would prove a good one for the deaf, and yet we rarely hear of one following such an occupation. There is always a demand for watch repairers (I do not call them watchmakers, as watches are made at a watch factory), the pay is good and no instructions need be given, as the repairer is supposed to be

able to tell what the trouble is with a watch, as well as how to repair any kind of jewelry.

At schools where shoemaking is taught most of the work and instruction should be for expert repairing, with the view of having the pupils set up a shop of their own when they leave school. There are many deaf "coblbers," and they all make a good living, chiefly by repairing soles for all souls. A notable instance is that of H. V. Owens, of Montgomery, Ala., who has for many years been running a shoe repairing shop on the principal street of that city and is known to practically every inhabitant down there. He employs a deaf man to help him.

It is not an every day occurrence to hear of a deaf contractor in any line of business. A man named Williams, who is deaf, is in some kind of a contracting business in San Francisco. The Kentucky School glories over two former pupils who are contractors with brains. They are Archibald Stiles, a building contractor, and W. E. Dudley, who has for over a dozen years been building railroads in Mexico in association with two of his

brothers. Although his part of the work was chiefly clerical there were occasions when he took charge of the administrative department and directed hundreds of men.

James P. Marshall, of Nashville, is a building contractor as well as real estate agent. Last year he built and sold ten houses in that city and expects to build twenty-five this year. He employs a large number of men and owns his home and an "Overland" automobile. We must reluctantly admit that he, too, is a product of the Kentucky School, and are inclined to inquire if the high quality of Kentucky bourbon is in any way responsible for these and other shining examples.

Some time ago I read of a deaf man, claimed to be an ex-Gallauditite, who was known as "the deaf cattle king" of Arizona. His name was not given nor the town wherein he resides, which has led me to regard the story as an imaginary one. Had I been able to locate him I should want his picture with a crown of cattle horns on his head for this department.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS I HAVE SEEN

By WESTON JENKINS, M.A.

(Address delivered at the April Meeting of the Ala. G. C. A. A.)

MY recollections as a play-goer cover more than 40 years. The greatest actor in tragedy that I have seen was Edwin Booth—of medium height, perfectly formed, vigorous and graceful, with intellectual features, as handsome as a man ought to be, with abundant jet black hair and a marble-white complexion, having a rich, flexible and powerful voice, his physical equipment was perfect. He, better than any other actor I have seen, could impersonate the perfect gentleman. I have never heard any one else whose reading of Shakespeare's blank verse could be compared to his. Hamlet was his favorite part, but many good judges thought his Richelieu in Bulwer's play better. I thought his Iago the most masterly. He used many deaf-mute signs in his acting, which he learned from Mr. Henry Rumrill, a deaf gentleman who lived near him. About 1870 he built on the corner of 23d St. and 6th Ave., the finest theatre that had yet been seen in New York—finer, as to its fitness for staging a play, than any I know. He opened it with Romeo and Juliet, he and his fiancee taking the title roles, and followed with his whole repertoire, each play costumed and mounted with all that money, taste and scholarly research could give. Such another

theatrical season I think has not been seen since.

If Booth was the great tragedian Lester Wallack was supreme in high comedy and society plays. His theatre was at Broadway and 13th Street. He was the ideal society gentleman on the stage—tall, miraculously tailored, his manners elegant with a touch of imperiousness. Unlike Booth who liked to be the one star in the cast, Wallack had always a full company of the best stock actors. John Gilbert, Rose Coghlan and others now forgotten. Yet even Gilbert—one of the best comedians of his day, received only \$100 a week, and some really excellent actors got no more than \$40. Times have changed. Rosedale—the Shaughraun—Colleen Bawn and the 18th century comedies were specialties. The Barn-door Dance, Shaughraun and the burglar scene in Rosedale, the minuet in the Rivals were famous.

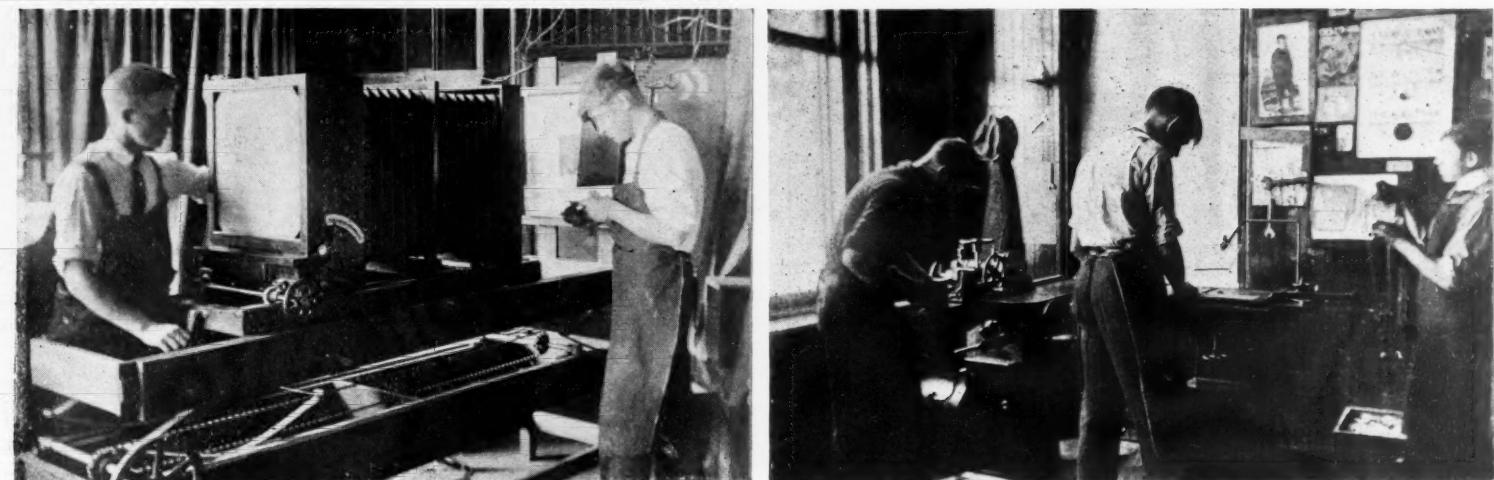
Rignold, an English actor, came to New York about 1875 and made a season's success with one play—Henry V. It was admirably put on the stage and the company was fairly good, but the one thing in it was the title part. Rignold was the part. A strong, manly face and figure, a resonant voice and an air of sincerity in the range of sentiment and emotion in that character—not a very wide range—made him really great in that one part. I never heard of his

ever attempting any other part of any importance.

By way of contrast—Joseph Jefferson seemed to me an actor capable of running the whole gamut of thought and feeling. In the popular mind he is Rip Van Winkle, and, except in early life he confined himself to comedy—approaching farce sometimes as in Bob Acres, and shining in parts like Squire Hardcastle which with much that was ludicrous combine something of dignity and elevated feeling. No tragic actor ever was more deeply and yet more simply pathetic than Jefferson in certain situations in Rip Van Winkle. As to his power of silent expression—if I can trust my eyes aided by a Lemaire opera-glass—I saw him turn pale and sweat with fear in the duel scene in the Rivals.

Ristori I saw in Marie Stuart. She was then 60, but in the first act she looked the age of her part—say 30. What was wonderful about her acting was that at that period she was nearly blind—hardly able to see enough to avoid obstacles in her way. This fact I learned from a deaf gentleman of talent—Mr. Albert Ballin, who was honored with her acquaintance. Yet, in coming upon, and in moving about the stage, there was not the least hesitation or awkwardness. A great actress.

"Speaking of foreigners," Madame Janauschek was



'PHOTO-ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

truly a queen of tragedy. Possibly, as some critics said of Edwin Booth, her tragedy was a trifle too tragic, but it moved you—"it purged the soul by fear," as the great Greek said.

And Janauschek reminds me of that other Polander, Mme. Modjeska, tho instead of the former's Juno-like majesty of form and gait ("the true goddess was revealed in her motion") Modjeska was of medium height, comfortably plump, and with the most beautiful and lovable face I ever saw on the stage. As her lover says of Celia (if that is the name—when she played in *As You Like It*), her modest stature was "just as high as my heart." And she was as sweet and good as she looked—a model wife and mother. She had a soul-melting voice and spoke English absolutely without a flaw.

And speaking of good women on the stage—there was Parepa Rosa, though she was a singer—not an actress. In the *Messiah*—"He was despised and rejected of men"—was the most powerful Good Friday Sermon possible. And—"Come unto me all ye that labor" would have won to repentance the impenitent thief himself. An impecunious youth, I sat in the cheap \$2.50 top bench in the highest gallery of the Acadmey of Music—some fifty yards from the singer. Yet her voice in the lowest tones, carried perfectly to my ear. She was as blameless a preacher of holiness as any Reverend he in Christendom.

Fat she was but comely in person—an irreverent reporter announced that the steamer Arctic had arrived bringing Mme. Parepa Rosa and 500 tons of other freight.

Clara Morris had not much in common with Parepa except a character that would have commanded reverence anywhere—still more on the stage.

She had but a poor voice and except for expressing passion a rather poorly managed one—yet in her time she was alone as an emotional actress.

She suffered agonies from some kind of incurable though not fatal disease and yet she not only did her stage work but in her home life showed the temper of an angel while suffering the agonies of a lost soul. My oldest brother was her family physician and he used to say that Mrs. Harriett (her married name) was the noblest example of Christian fortitude he ever knew.

I ought to have qualified what I said about Booth not having good support. For years Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Adams played with him, sometimes exchanging parts with him and in some of the lighter parts excelling him. Adams as Mercutio and Barrett as Othello were preferred to Booth in the same parts by most critics. Dion Boucicault in his own Irish plays was imitable. In the nineties I saw, one season, the best presentations of the English 18th century comedies given in my

time. Fancy Joseph Jefferson. Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mrs. John Drew and Mrs. Wood all playing in the "School for Scandal" or "She Stoops to Conquer."

The really greatest opera singers I haven't heard—Patti, Campanini, and one or two others. Five dollars a seat was "too rich for my blood." Saechi, Nilsson and smaller fry I heard occasionally. Wagner hadn't come in my day.

Kate Claxton I had forgotten. She was almost as great in the same line, as Clara Morris.

Maude Adams I saw in her first season, and thought her pretty and attractive, but did not foresee her great artistic success.

It has often been remarked how actresses keep their youth. Bernhardt and Patti are notable instances. Among the lesser lights was Little Lotta, (Mrs. Crabtree) whom I saw when I was 18 and she not much older. She continued to play the same juvenile parts until a very few years ago.

I saw Fanny Davenport at the Grand Opera House 23d and 8th Ave., as Titania in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The occasion was notable for this—it was advertised as the first time that electric lights had been used for decoration of the person.

But I have already taken up too much time and must stop.

Mr. Howard's Address at The Minnesota School

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The celebration of anniversaries has had the sanction of civilized people since the conception of the first crude calendar. A certain anniversary may be of interest to but one person, or to a group of people or it may have world-wide recognition. The nature of the anniversary suggests the manner of its celebration. Many are happy occasions, while some recall sad events. Most have a high and inspiring tone, while some are frivolous. We are so constituted that we need some suggestion for general rejoicing or general reflection. The anniversary of an event not of national or world-wide interest may often appeal intensely to those whom it has influenced.

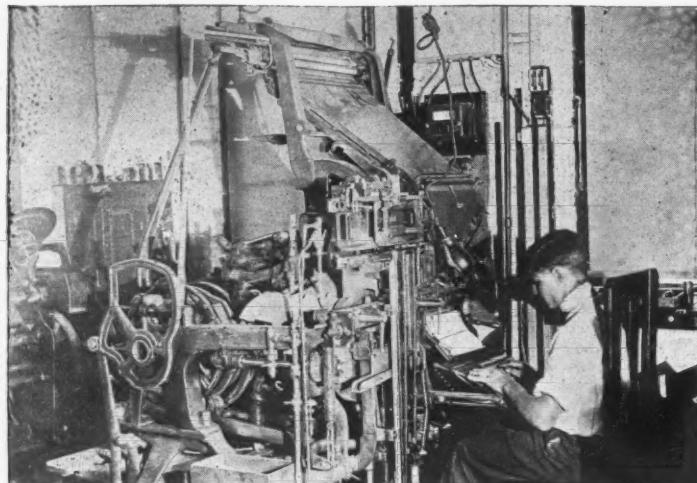
If annual celebrations are of interest, much more so is a fiftieth or a hundredth anniversary. In the old world a fiftieth anniversary may be a mere bagatelle, but in the new west it is harking back to the very beginning of things. Fifty years ago the State of Minnesota was only five years old. The State was full of hostile Indians and the Sioux Massacre occurred that year not many miles from where we are today. The year before, the first ten miles of railroad was completed, extending from St. Paul to St. Anthony. In 1863 but 32,467 votes were cast in

the election for governor. You will remember that the Civil War was at its height, and in common with her sister States, Minnesota was sending her sons to the field of battle.

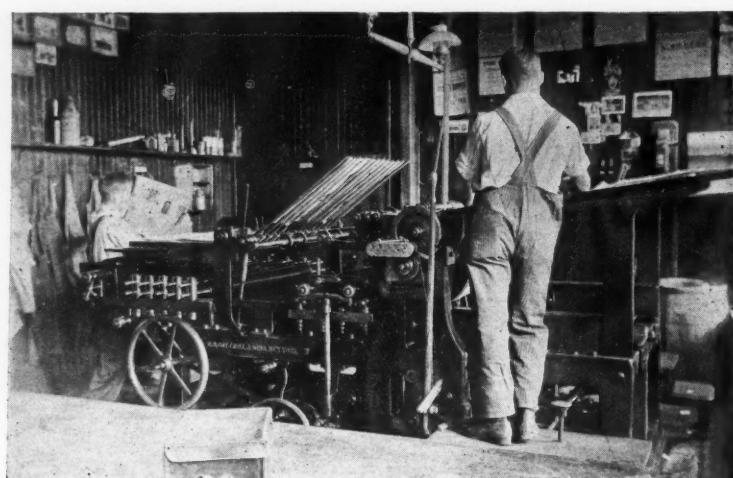
Though Minnesota was at the beginning of its formative period, though hostile Indians were on the war-path, though the father or son of many a family was in the army of the North, though transportation was slow, schools few and crude, and means of communication difficult, the pioneer citizens of the State proved themselves not only a hardy but a Christian people. It was in 1863 that the legislature appointed a commission to provide for the education of "deaf, dumb and blind of the State." September 9th of that year this school opened in an old frame building here in Faribault. There were five pupils enrolled on the opening day.

We are celebrating the completion of our fiftieth year. It is an occasion of pride for those who have forwarded the work; of rejoicing for every one who will pause to realize that this school sprang "from the great Christian spirit in the hearts of men and women who loved their country and their race," of thanksgiving for the hundreds of deaf men and women who have here had their minds awakened and have had instilled into them the sense of moral responsibility.

Of the many, who in one capacity or another have carried on the work, two men stand out pre-eminently. Rodney A. Mott was one of the three commissioners appointed by the legislature in 1863 to provide educational facilities for the deaf, dumb and blind. He was secretary of the first Board of Directors and remained secretary of the board until his recent death. He thoroughly understood and appreciated the deaf and they understood and appreciated him. He was an eloquent and forceful speaker and never missed an occasion to extol the merits of the school and its graduates. He contended "that no existing school for the deaf has a better record than our Minnesota School," and declared that its graduates "ranked with the noble men and women of the State." Of the many services for which we are indebted to him, probably the greatest was in securing as our superintendent Jonathan L. Noyes. Dr. Noyes remained at the head of the school for thirty years and literally gave his life to the work. To his efforts, more than to the efforts of any other single man, has its success been due. His manly bearing, his fairness and justice, his high ideals lived up to, his abhorrence of all things mean, his practical common sense and his love and kindness influenced his boys and girls as



OPERATING THE LINOTYPE—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL



PRINTING A FORM OF FOUR PAGES OF THE SILENT WORKER

such a character always influences the young. He was a man who could truly say:

"I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And waits my spirit too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do."

Six of "his boys" lowered his earthly remains to their last resting place but his spirit will live as long as the education of the deaf has a foothold in the State. Boys and girls of present and coming generations may point to the fine buildings and many advantages that were not ours, but we of earlier days can say, "We had our Noyes."

Those in charge of the work at the present time are living up to the high standard set by their predecessors. The school is giving to the deaf children of the State an education that opens to them receding horizons. Out of the children rather overawed by their misfortune it is making self-supporting and self-respecting citizens. The act of the pioneers of fifty years ago in establishing this school stands justified.

In the past fifty years 1577 children have been enrolled and about 400 have completed the full course and have been graduated. Of the graduates forty have entered college, some of whom have become teachers of the deaf, and stand among the foremost in their profession. A large proportion of the graduates have become farmers, as is fitting in an agricultural state, while the others are engaged in over forty different trades and professions. As an instance of what the deaf can do, Cadwallader Washburn, a graduate of this school, has served as war correspondent for one of the largest daily papers in Chicago all through the several Mexican revolutions of recent years. He interviewed Madero and his friends, enemies and successors, and directed the work of six assistants in the field. His predictions and conclusions are particularly valuable because of their accuracy.

The value of the school to the State must be judged by its graduates just as a mill is judged by its product. The graduates of this school have well repaid the State for the cost of educating them. It has been estimated that they own upward of \$3,000,000 of real property on which they pay taxes, and that their annual earnings exceed the annual outlay by the State for the education of the deaf. It is evident from this that the practical training they have received at school has been of a high order. That their moral training has not been neglected is demonstrated by the fact that not one of our graduates has ever been indicted for a criminal offense against the law of Minnesota. Nor have we any beggars or dependents on charity among those who have been educated here. We are well aware that here, there and anywhere through-



JAY COOKE HOWARD

out the State and Nation are people who ask assistance for various objects because they claim they are "deaf and dumb." What is known as the "Fake deaf-mute graft" is one of the easiest and most popular method of begging. Not one in one thousand of these beggars is deaf. We would burn it on the heart and chisel it on the mind of every one that "the deaf do not beg." These impostors do the deaf a very great injury for the reason that they go everywhere and parade their assumed misfortune and the public is unconsciously impressed with the seeming worthlessness and helplessness of the deaf. When one of our quiet and industrious deaf men seeks employment this impression is very apt to prejudice people against him. On their own initiative the deaf people of Minnesota had an amendment to the vagrancy laws passed by the legislature of 1911 dealing with this class of vagrants. In the past two years approximately thirty arrests and convictions have resulted in Duluth alone, while many others have been made throughout the State. Similar laws are being enacted in other states and we earnestly request our friends to see that every "deaf-mute" beggar is arrested. It is imperative that this form of imposition and graft be stopped.

We are deeply interested in the education of the deaf children of our State. Many of us are married and have children of our own, but with very few exceptions our children are not deaf. It is the deaf children of our hearing friends whom we would as-

sist, as we expect them to labor with us to educate our hearing children. We recognize that their interest and experience are the mainstays of our public school system and that our normal children and their children profit alike. In the matter of educating their deaf children we believe that our experience will be of value to them and we try to be public-spirited and give our service where it will be most valuable. We will ever be found ready and more than willing to protect the educational interests of the deaf children of the State. We are also ready to assist young deaf people who have mental qualifications, but lack the means to attain a college education. While working in the present we have thought to the future, and realize that the calamities of life may overtake some of us, and we are now arranging and preparing to care for our own aged and infirm. That these objects may be the better carried out and our efforts systematically directed we have an incorporated association known as The Minnesota Association of the Deaf.

For fifty years class after class has been graduated here. Each year the benefits of this school have been extended and constantly its graduates have made advances in opening new fields of endeavor to the deaf. Fifty years ago this school was established for "indigent" deaf children. Today it is recognized as a part of the public school system of the State. The condition of the deaf has improved and is improving. In the wonderful advance along all lines of endeavor the education of the deaf has kept pace with the world. It has truthfully been said that the deaf child has been taken from the skeleton closet and placed in the drawing room.

You who are about to add another class to the honor roll of graduates will take your place in a State "covered with homes, churches, towns, and cities knit together with a mighty web of railways, with the lightning of heaven as messenger boys and the daily papers rustling as the leaves of the forest in an autumn breeze." You will find much of your way made easier for you by those of our graduates who have gone before. You will find people who will understand and appreciate you. You have had a better training than the average boy or girl. Make up your minds to live up to the high tradition of your *Alma Mater*, and to be men and women of whom the State will be proud. Go forth courageously with the knowledge that you will be judged and received by the world for what you are. You will soon realize that life is simply learning by experience the truisms that have been taught you at school. Pray that you may appreciate and make the most of the opportunities that are daily yours, rather than that you may chance upon some unearned and undeserved success. Remember that "trifles make perfection but perfection is no trifle."

Your danger is that in the first flush of graduation you will think you know it all. Quietly and confidentially I am going to tell you that you do not. Furthermore, if you do not continue to learn you



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WOOD-WORKING DEPARTMENT—NEW JERSEY SCHOOL

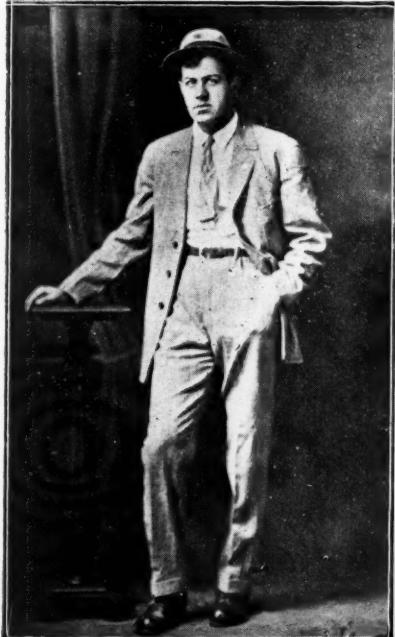


MAKING UP PAGES OF THE SILENT WORKER FOR PRESS

will soon know less than you do now. If there is anything that the whole world is constantly seeking, it is knowledge, and if you do not seek knowledge diligently you will find yourself left behind.

Do not be self-centered. Help yourselves, but help others also. Most of our happiness and much of our welfare comes from generous actions. Undoubtedly the people of 1863 meant the founding of this school as a charitable act. But the school has given the State valuable citizens who more than compensate for any expenditure made in their education, and this kind action has turned into a profitable investment. Never let your deafness overwhelm you. It will not profit you to bemoan your sad lot. Carlyle says: "Let every man who has an ounce of strength in him get up and put it forth in Heaven's name, and labor that his 'soul may live.'"

A Deaf-Mute Champion Bowler



ED. HOUCK

Said to be a wonderful Bowler; has a record of 101,635 pins at 497 games, with an average of 223 each game. Houck is a deaf-mute, 29 years old and while claiming California as his home, he is a native of North Carolina.

Obedience, we may remember, is a part of religion, and therefore an element of peace; but love which includes obedience is the whole.—George Sewell.

Altoona Deaf Hold Reception

On Saturday evening, May 24, the deaf of Altoona and vicinity held a reception at the home of Mr. David Singerman, 290 Seventeenth street, in honor of Mr. Carl Bohner, also deaf, and a former schoolmate of Mr. Singerman and a number of the deaf present.

The object of the reception given by the deaf was to show the good will and high regard in which they hold Mr. Bohner, who has the distinction of being the only deaf young man in this part of the country to graduate from a high school of hearing people.

On announcing that all were present, Mr. Singerman made a neat little speech congratulating Mr. Bohner on the success he has attained and wishing him much more success in the future. He was loudly applauded, and, on taking his seat, was followed by Mr. Abe Richman, who, in still more praiseworthy terms, stated how proud the deaf of Altoona were to have such a well-known and educated deaf man in their midst. After Mr. Richman had ceased speaking others arose and made similar speeches, and then followed a general hand-shaking with Mr. Bohner. After that the Misses Ada Parks and Mary Henderson left the room and shortly returned with a handsome traveling bag of genuine tan leather, which they presented to Mr. Bohner, who, very much pleased and surprised, arose, and in pleasing terms thanked the assemblage for the interest they manifested in him and hoped in the future to repay their kindness and vowed never to forget them, no matter how far away from Altoona he might be in the future.

Mr. Bohner is to enter the State College in the fall, where he will take a four years' course of

study there. In the year 1900 he graduated from the Central High School of Philadelphia, and his graduating from the Altoona High School last week marks the second graduation from high schools in state.

The rest of the evening was passed very pleasantly, Mr. Arthur C. Blake, the author of this article, being introduced to all present, making his initial appearance among the deaf of Altoona, having formerly resided in Jersey City.

Refreshments were served by Mr. Singerman and family, and a flashlight picture of all the deaf present was taken, which will be printed in the WORKER in this issue if it turns out favorable. The reception closed at a late hour and the guests departed for their respective homes, each declaring it was the most enjoyable function held in Altoona in quite a while, thanks to Mr. Singerman and others who made the occasion a very pleasant one.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saylor and daughter, Helen, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Otto, Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre and son, Hermit, Mr. and Mrs. George Cathams and daughter, Iva, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Richman and children, Dorothy and Clarence, Mrs. George Saunders, of Gallitzin; Mrs. Mary Robb, of South Altoona; Miss Ada Parks, of Lyrone; Miss Mary Henderson, of Lyrone; Mr. and Mrs. Hyden Bigham, Charles Hewitt, of Cleveland, O.; Carl W. Bohner, Ernest Brookbank, James Butterbaugh, David Singerman, and Arthur Blake, of Jersey City.

ARTHUR BLAKE.

[NOTE.—The author of the above is a recent graduate of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, who is making good as a linotype operator, and who will doubtless always remain loyal to his *Alma Mater*—PUB. WORKER.]

FOURTH ROW
Messrs. Brookbank
George Chathams
Mrs. Abe Richman
Chas. Saylor
James Butterbaugh
Chas. Hewitt
THIRD ROW
Mr. Blake
Mrs. George Chathams
Abe Richman
Misses Mary Henderson
Ada Parks
Mrs. Bigham
Mr. Bigham
SECOND ROW—Sitting
Mrs. Mary Robb
Mrs. Jacob Otto
Jacob Otto
Carl Bohner holding the
card and his traveling
bag on his lap and Mrs.
McIntire.
FIRST ROW
Mrs. George C. Saunders
Master Singerman
John McIntire and son
Miss Iva Chathams
David Singerman and
Miss Annie Singerman





By Mrs. E. Florence Long, Council Bluffs, Ia.

MUSINGS AND QUESTIONINGS

(The Point of View is supposed to be that of a Hearing Person.)

Ye sons of silence that pass by
Scarce heeded by the surging crowd,
Ye who your fingers deftly ply,
As with another sense endowed:
Can ye with us your kinship trace,
Or are ye of some alien race?

Ye who have ears—but not to hear;
Ye who have lips—but not to speak;
Know ye the hot and bitter tear
That courses down the pallid cheek?
Know ye grief's pain, and sorrow's smart?
Have ye like us a human heart?

Ye who, mayhap, have never heard
A mother's voice, in accents mild,
Repeat each fond, caressing word,
To lull and soothe her fretful child:
Have ye yet seen and felt all this—
The loving look, the tender kiss?

Heard ye beside your mother's knee
That story—none too often told,
Of Him Who in far Galilee
Called little children to His fold?
Can ye within your hearts have known
That He had sought you for His own?

Or, as in time, ye grew and grew,
A winsome girl, or blithesome boy,
Knew ye from whence there came to you
The first beats of amorous joy?
Whence—came to you the power to love—
From earth beneath, or heaven above?

When once a week, with solemn mien,
Your fellows throng some stately fane,
And ye gaze on a silent scene;
Where praises mount—for you—in vain:
Hear ye not then the still small voice
That bids you gladden and rejoice?



REV. J. BODVAN ANWYL,
Pontypridd, Wales.



MEMORIAL STONE LAYING AT THE DEDICATION
NOV. 28, 1912, AT PONTYPRIDD, WALES.

CEREMONIES OF THE MISSION FOR THE DEAF ON
MIXED CROWD OF DEAF AND HEARING.

Ye are, perhaps, not deeply versed
In our contentious human lore;
But haply ye have felt the thirst

That gnaws the heart's most inmost core—
The thirst for God, to Whom ye knelt,
And told, not what ye heard, but felt.

Ye toil, ye want, ye live, ye die,
Ye bear your cross with steadfast hearts:
Nor hearing ear, nor seeing eye,
The essence unto life imparts:
'Tis what we feel within the soul,
Not as in part, but as a whole.

Mysterious being! How remote
Your world from ours of deafening din!
Yet all that's strange in you I note
To be without, and not within:
Ye love, ye hate, ye hope, ye fear,
Although ye neither speak nor hear!

Then worship Gon, His silent viants;
Lift up in prayer your h-ly hands,
Though Him no uttered word acquaints
Of what He fully understands:
To Him are all alike who come—
Then praise the Lord, ye deaf and dumb!

J. Bodvan Anwyl.

THE musings and questionings that occur in the minds of hearing persons concerning the deaf are thus aptly given in verse. Yet few hearing persons seem to ever fully comprehend that "all that's strange" in the deaf "to be without and not within."

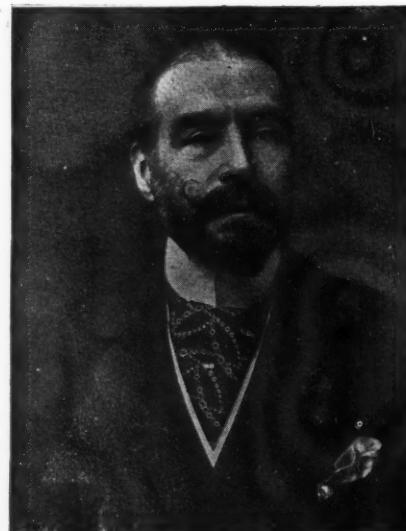
The writer of these verses, J. Bodvan Anwyl, was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1899, at Elim, Carmarthen, Wales. Some years afterwards, during his ministry there he lost his hearing from a severe attack of influenza. In 1904, when only twenty-nine years of age, he was given the responsible position of missionary and superintendent of the "Glamorgan Mission to the Deaf and Dumb" at Pontypridd, Wales.

His predecessor in this position was a deaf man, Mr. Edward Rowland, who was also the pioneer to start and build up the Mission. Through the zeal and unwearied exertions of Mr. Rowland several small missions were established in different parts of Wales as early as 1869, but in 1887 he made his headquarters at Pontypridd, where his strenuous toil in the cause of the deaf resulted in the "Glamorgan Mission to the Deaf and Dumb," though no

building housed it then. He died in 1904 when only fifty-eight years of age, but thirty-five were spent in work for the general uplift of his fellow deaf.

Pontypridd is situated in an extensive mining district of Wales and has good railroad communications with all parts of the country. The deaf always flock to such places where suitable manual labor can be obtained. Thus the Mission was wisely established where it could do the most good to the greater number of the deaf.

The site of the new institute is of the most desirable kind and was presented by Lord Tredegar at a



SIR ARTHUR H. FAIRBAIRN, Bart.
The only deaf and dumb baronet in the world.

much reduced rental. The foundation stone was laid last November and May 24th the building was completed and formally opened by Sir Arthur Fairbairn, the only deaf Baronet in the world. The price of the new building was 1,714 pounds (or about 8,400 dollars). It is to be used for worship, instruction, and recreation as well as for every other purpose of the Mission. It will not be residential but will do for the adult deaf about the same class of work as the hearing do by their Institutional Churches, Young People's Guilds, and Christian Associations.

In this connection, the Rev. Anwyl says: "It is

(Continued on page 189)



By Alexander L. Pach, 925 Broadway, New Y



EADERS of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* are familiar with the news budget that frequently appears under the modest caption "Hartford," and that is signed with the still more modest "H."

The author of the budget who is really indefatigable not only in the matter of gathering the news, but in working among the deaf, is the Rev. Geo. H. Hefflon. I first met the gentleman a few years ago, when he was a "student in signs" at All Souls' Church in Philadelphia. I felt sorry for him.

We are always prone to regard someone else's deafness as more unfortunate than our own. I recall now how very sympathetic my fellow students and the teachers at Fanwood were because I had entered there at the age of seventeen with my deafness a matter of three months' standing and the deaf world a mystery to me. From my standpoint the sympathy was all wasted and the shoe entirely on the other foot. Here I had enjoyed seventeen years of life as a normal boy—most of those with whom I was at school had never known the joy of hearing, or had known it for but a brief period in infancy.

Dr. Hefflon arranged for me to speak before the Cogswell Literary Society of Hartford, at All Angels' Church last month, and it gave me a good opportunity to get acquainted with the least known of the Episcopal clergymen working among the deaf.

The opportunity came through the good Doctor's meeting me at the station and acting as my host. By the way, I do not know whether he has the "Doctors" degree or not. He is entitled to it, I think. A star graduate of Yale class of 1892 and an honor graduate of Andover, where he went through the vigorous four years the Congregationalist Church requires, and then became Pastor of a church at Deer Isle, Maine.

He always had Protestant Episcopal longings and leanings, so the transition to that church was easy and natural. His deafness came on gradually and finding no relief either here or in Europe, he studied lip-reading at the Horace Mann School in Boston.

Now he is almost totally deaf and probably thoroughly acclimated. He uses the sign-language in a short, sharp, incisive manner, and I judge in the same relative way used to address his hearing congregation.

You could not mistake his New England Ancestry. Tall, spare, lithe, active, clear-eyed and clear-headed, with a head and features that makes one think of President Wilson, Dr. Hefflon is a fine man to know.

After enjoying a thoroughly good dinner, he suggested cigars—for me—he doesn't use tobacco himself, though he often looks upon the pipe of his Yale days—but refrains from smoking because he doesn't think a clergyman adds anything in the way of dignity by the use of tobacco, though not condemning any fellow clergyman who needs the solace of the weed. "It's a matter for every one to decide for himself," he remarked to me.

The audience that gathered that evening was one of the largest they ever had. The star speaker of the evening was Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, the honored President Emeritus of Gallaudet College, whom I found looking his old self. At Delavan, when the teachers gathered there two years ago, the good Doctor was a perceptibly aged man, and one realized why the cares of a College Presidency wore so heavily on him that he was glad to retire,

a well earned rest with laurels that come to few men. After the Delavan Convention came a severe illness.

Now the rest has proven beneficial and the good Doctor appears ten years younger than at Delavan. His speech and signs have all the vigor of youth and his countenance is ruddy and there is no visible evidence of his 76 years. I know this will cheer the hundreds of men and women who were his boys and girls at Kendall Green. Many of the boys are grandfathers themselves—the college became co-educational too recently to be able to say that his girls were grandmothers—besides it might be considered ungallant.

Then the venerable and venerated Prof. Wm. H. Weeks spoke. His signs are as clear as the electric advertisements that shine on New York's great white way, and there is no better speaker anywhere than he, nor a more forceful thinker.

And here, too, is a third example of the longevity of the New Englander and his supreme and enduring physique—I had not seen Prof. Weeks make an address for thirty years—and that long ago he thrilled an audience of hearing people, at Ocean Grove, N. J., with a recital in natural signs that won many plaudits—and then—thirty years ago, remember, he was what we called "an old man."

The Patriarchal beard he wore in those days, has given place to a closely trimmed full beard of the King Edward type—snow-white as it was in the days I learned so much in his company many an evening on the board-walk at Ocean Grove.

And now see him rise from his seat, and with firm tread walk to the platform and make an address full of 1913 wisdom—showing keen comprehension of today, and bringing his climaxes home with sledge-hammer force in his signs, one wonders if there hasn't been a mix-up in the Wm. H. Weeks's calendar that makes him really only, say; 65 or so, instead of almost ready to celebrate his 90th birthday.

Prof. Kilpatrick also spoke—(surely I was with friends, for at the Delavan meeting I came to know Mr. Kilpatrick quite well) and he was accompanied by Mrs. Kilpatrick. He is one of the new generation of teachers of the Deaf, who find great pleasure in mingling with the deaf.

At the present time, owing to the retirement of Dr. Job. Williams, there is a vacancy in the Hartford School that means a new Principal after the brilliant and long enduring Williams's regime. A committee is at the present time seeking a successor. I never had much success as a prophet, but I'll venture a prophecy. The new Principal's last name begins with K.

The out-of-town guest of the evening then had the platform—and left unsaid much that he had intended to. But what kind of a performance could a seventh rate actor give, if he had a Booth, a Barrett, a McCullough and a Mansfield as in his audience?

The out-of-town guest had the biggest treat of any one in the audience and he certainly enjoyed himself to the limit. The Hartford "Frats" saw him off at the station and added to the evening's pleasure.

The right kind of a picture has high lights and shadows. Here follow the shadows:

I went up on one of the New Haven's finest trains, enjoying a massive arm chair in a gorgeous Pullman drawing-room car, straight from Grand Central to Stamford, Conn., without a stop or a perceptible "slow down." The only excuse for stopping at Stamford was to trade our pair of electric engines for a steam locomotive. New Haven and Meriden were the only other stops and Hartford was reached in two hours and 38 minutes. Coming back it was all so different.

If you are in Hartford at night there are several things you can do—the best is to stay over and enjoy a good night's rest. But if you must come to N. Y., you can take the 10:40 and if you are very wise you will leave it at New Haven and take the steamer that it connects with there, which lands you in New York next morning, after you have enjoyed a night's rest in a berth, and a good

breakfast on board. I judge there were sixty or more who left the train at New Haven, and I am sorry I didn't.

The train staid at the New Haven station for a half hour—and then backed up quite a distance, then we did a little switching and after that it was a stop of 5 to 20 minutes at all the stations all the way down. It was a raw, rainy night, and more like February than May. Sleep was out of question. Finally the train reached New Rochelle and from this point down they send it over the Harlem River Branch down to 132nd St. and Willis Ave. Probably Mr. Mellen is ashamed to send a train run on so mean a schedule into the Grand Central Station. Time was when this was the colonial express from Boston to Washington and the train was ferried around from the Harlem River terminal to Jersey City, where the Penn. R. R. handled it to the Capital—but these trains now run through via the Poughkeepsie bridge route. In ordinary hours one can take a shuttle train from this Willis Ave. terminal across the river to the 3rd Ave. "L" station at 129th St., but the unfortunate who gets in at three A.M. walks to the Third Ave. "L" at 133rd St., and wait for a train that will take him either up or down—both mighty unsatisfactory ways of reaching 176th St., on Washington Heights, but I made it via 125th St. and Third Ave., and an open car (the crime of it!) Fort George bound, helped me finish the journey in time to greet my "fixed-post" cop at 3:59 A.M., and the hall-boy of my apartment at 3:59 1/2. I think from the way both these individuals eyed me, they were wondering what I was doing out at that hour of the night. I did volunteer to "James" as he brought me up in the elevator to my apartment, that I was "just coming home from church." Honest he looked as if he didn't believe it. Well, I couldn't blame him.

"It surely is no time for laughter

In the cold grey dawn of the morning after fits in just as well after an eminently proper night with the Cogswell Literary Society of Hartford, Conn., as it does after a—well—Ball or Banquet, for instance.

In all this world there is nothing so unique as the Iron Steamboat Company and the Iron Steamboat service. In a single day as many as 100,000 people have been carried on these steamers—the safest in the world, and not only has there never been a life lost, but there has never been a serious accident. The visitor to New York during the Coney Island season wants to make the famous trip to "Coney" as a part of his "Seeing New York."

Passengers by the Iron Steamers, do not need a time-table nor do they need to worry about the time the boats leave. There's generally a boat at either the 129th St., or Battery Piers—and if there isn't, one does not need worry as the wait won't be long and a comfortable seat on a cool pier with an ever changing kaleidoscopic panorama before him. Everything in the shape of vessels from mighty battleships to puffing tugs—Mauretania to motor boats in an ever changing picture. From the Battery past the statue of Liberty, Governor's Island, Staten Island, Quarantine, Fort Wadsworth and Hamilton, with views of South and Midland Beaches, Sandy Hook and Sea Gate out on the heaving bosom of the broad Atlantic and then, with her prow headed due north, the Iron Steamer makes the Steeplechase Pier in a little more than an hour—and the ride costs just twenty cents.

(Continued from page 188)

in vain that I try to explain to some hearing people that the deaf and dumb grow up, and have to face life's battle, that they have material needs which must be met, human instincts which must be guided and rational souls which must be saved. They are still spoken of as children and pupils, and it is still imagined that they are all huddled together in an institution, where, presumably, strictly monastic discipline is maintained."

The deaf of Wales are to be congratulated on having the splendid intellectual attainments and the sympathetic personality of Rev. Anwyl engaged in their cause.

E. F. L.

THE SILENT WORKER



[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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Vol. XXV. JULY, 1913 No. 10

IF preparation counts for anything and it really counts for everything, the convention of 1914 will be the most prolific of good to the deaf of any ever held.

Commendable SOME of the deaf people of Indianapolis and Dayton who were sufferers by the recent flood doubtless needed the money tendered them by the Fraternal Society of the Deaf badly enough, and yet not one of them would accept a dollar. They know how the acceptance of charity dulls the edge of industry and thrift, and have exhibited a spirit of independence that will be likely to put off forever the day when they may absolutely require the assistance of those philanthropically inclined.

Home Care WE are sending home this summer, the happiest, healthiest, lot of little folks that ever left us for a summer's outing. The price of it has been "eternal vigilance" and we bespeak for them this same vigilance on the part of their papas and mammas. The misfortunes that have come to our children during the past ten years, in every instance, have occurred to them while at home; and we desire to take this last opportunity for the term to impress upon the "old folks" the necessity for a careful oversight over their deaf ones during their hours of ease. The "Fourth" is especially beset with dangers, and we would particularly ask them to see that this is "sane and safe."

Opinions JUST as we were arranging to devote an issue to pure oral methods and to the presentation of testimonials by the advocates of "speech and speech only for the deaf," along comes

"Opinions upon the Nebraska Law, by Prominent Educators, Parents of Deaf Children, and Graduates under the Oral Method," to take all the wind out of our sails. It is more comprehensive than anything we possibly could have furnished, and presents every known argument in favor of the entire doing away with gesture and manual spelling in educating the deaf.

However any may differ with the opinions presented upon subsequent pages, there will probably be no voice of dissent from the prefatory letter of Miss Keller's, which we subjoin:

WRENTHAM, MASS., Feb. 12, 1913.

MR. A. N. DAFOE,

DEAR SIR:—Miss Yale has written me about the controversy at the school for the deaf in Nebraska. I feel that I ought not to take any part in such local disputes. But it is my strong belief that every deaf child should have opportunity to learn to speak, no matter how difficult it may be to teach him, no matter how far from perfect may be the results. The disaster of deafness is incalculable, and every little that is done to lessen it is precious. Surely the lack of speech is the most grievous loss caused by the deafness, and no pains should be spared to prevent dumbness from being added to the already great burdens which the deaf child must carry through life.

I have just made a public address in Montclair, New Jersey, and last August I spoke before the International Otological Congress at the Harvard Medical School. I was able to make myself understood by many people, and my success has strengthened my convictions that the gift of speech, however imperfect, is a priceless blessing to the deaf.

Warmly wishing you all success, I am,
Sincerely yours,

HELEN KELLER.

Miss Keller speaks advisedly. She does not say that all deaf children may be made proficient in speech and speech-reading. She only says that "every deaf child should have opportunity to learn to speak." She knows that under present conditions, many of those who leave us must fall short of proficiency in speech; and yet no educator of the deaf that we know would wish to deny any child the full opportunity to acquire it.

AMONG the suggestions in **Be Honest** Convention Issue No. 11, there is no better one than that of Mr. Tobias Brill, of Mass. who says:

"There is a tendency in schools for the deaf to pretend having accomplished things that do not tally with the actual results. We pass off our best as the average, and so try to make people believe that we are meeting with greater success than we really are. The excuse we often make is that other schools are doing it, and we are obliged to follow suit as a matter of self-defence. Let the Convention see that the strictest honesty is practiced by everybody. If an exhibit, literary or industrial, is the work of the best or exceptional pupil or class of pupils, let it be marked so; if it is marked average class work or if it is tacitly understood to be such, let it be average of an average class up to grade. Whom are we fooling? Ourselves and the poor deaf who are entrusted to us. The public will find us out in the end. It may take a generation, it may take two. A

Convention is a family gathering. Let us start being honest with the members of our own family, and in a heart to heart talk, without lowering our aim, let us own up how near the mark we have hit. So at the next Convention let us all be honest!"

A word in due time, indeed, and fitly spoken. Judging from things we have read and heard during the past year there is an imminent need in some quarters for, at least, just a little respect for the truth.

Minnesota's Executive THE Governor of Minnesota is evidently a gentleman who has the details of his office well in hand. He not

only had the time and inclination to see that the deaf of his state, after graduating at the state school, had an equal chance in the world of labor with the hearing; but he even took the time to read over our references to the good that had been done there, and to pen us the following handsome letter:

May Thirty-first, Nineteen Thirteen.

MR. GEORGE S. PORTER,
Publisher "Silent Worker,"
New Jersey School for the Deaf,
Trenton, N. J.

MY DEAR SIR:—Permit me to thank you for the splendid write-up of the legislation enacted by this state in behalf of the deaf.

Your publication is a credit to your institution and a great force in promoting the best interests of the deaf.

Very truly yours,

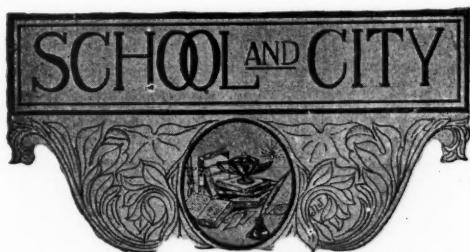
A. O. EBERHART,
Governor of Minnesota.

All reports from Minnesota say that Gov. Eberhart keeps the same watchful eye on the other interests of the state that he does upon the interests of the deaf, and, if he does, Wisconsin is certainly fortunate in its selection of a Governor.

Pre-natal Causes THERE are evidences here and there, among the mass of material gathered, that the matter of eugenics is, in spots,

being a trifle over-done. A published statement that has been going the rounds of the settlement societies and children's welfare exhibits recently to the effect that 89,287 deaf children in the United States owe their condition to vicious diseases in their parents, a statement that, for some time, remained uncontradicted and so became generally believed, now proves to be wholly false, there being but 44,896 "deaf and dumb" persons in the United States, only one-third, or 15,000, of whom were born deaf, so that there could have been but this latter number made deaf from all pre-natal causes put together.

AFTER fifty years of continuous service, Mr. Job Williams retires at the close of the present term from the superintendency of the American School at Hartford. The feeling of affectionate regard for Mr. Williams, held by the deaf of Connecticut, and those associated with him in the work of their education, is shared by all of the deaf, and every teacher of the deaf in the country and he takes with him in his retirement the love and sincere good wishes of all.



June again.

Home, sweet home.

Our last journal for the term.

But few of the pupils will leave this year.

Some of the babies surely will miss our lawns.

The baby class is the youngest we have ever had.

One grey squirrel can do more mischief than forty rats.

Many of the schools south and west closed long before ours.

Alice Battersby fared well on the 5th which was her natal day.

The crimson rambler on the east side is blooming beautifully.

Our roses were just a week too early for our commencement.

Four fine window boxes were finished by Hartley Davis, last week.

Teachers as well as pupils will soon be scattered "to the four winds."

Theodore Eggert and Wm. Stocker were among our callers last week.



A GROUP OF "TWILIGHT" GIRLS

Some work, getting all those babies ready for their respective trains.

Do you wonder that school-children like summer the best of the seasons?

It is not Frank Hoppaugh any more. It is now Frank Wesley Hoppaugh.

"The Prince and Pauper" has become quite a favorite among the children.

Bread and milk hold high places on our dietary list, and both are running fine, at present.

A week in camp at Asbury Park is one of the anticipated joys of Geo. Bedford, this summer.

The little boys never looked more manly nor the little girls more "sweet" than at the closing.

The examination averages were only "fair." Perhaps the examinations were unusually "hard."

Oreste Palmieri's brother arrived in New York on the 14th of May, eleven days out from Naples.

There are a great many visitors to the new hall, these days, and everybody pronounces it "fine."

The seniors on the boys' side were allowed an evening hike, on Thursday, and all had a glorious time.

Vito Dondiego was quite proud of the fact that Tony was given a place in the Commencement program.

The strawberry supper which our store-keeper gave the boys and girls on Wednesday was greatly enjoyed.

The children were allowed to see the Wallace-Hagenback parade on Monday, and all greatly enjoyed it.

Last week, the girls received a visit from Muriel Gilmore and Anna Campbell. All were glad to see them.

The honors of the hundred yard dash, on the girls' side lies between Lillian Leaming and Clara Van Sickle.

Randall McClelland's sister has purchased a canoe, and Randall is hoping to "go halves" with her when he gets home.

John MacNee says that Charles Dobbins loves to study history as well as he loves to eat, which is saying a great deal.

Our boys certainly do have success in their work. Arthur Blake is already drawing salary enough to support a large family.

The last party to leave was the north-bound one and they just comfortably filled a special car on the 10:10 Saturday morning.



ON THE STEAMER RAIL

Mary Sommers received a number of pretty presents on her birthday. Mary will spend her summer at Swedesboro, as heretofore.

The proficiency in speech and lip-reading shown by Miss Tilson's class was such as to cause universal remark and commendation.

The surplus dirt around our new building is being used to fill up two or three slight depressions on the southerly end of the grounds.

Frank's father says he has a fine garden and a big lot of little chickens which are to be under the especial care of Frank while he is at home.

Miss Stevenson was afraid that the plate of ice-cream which the girls ate before supper, in the park, would spoil their supper, but it didn't.

Paul Reed Tarbutton is especially pleased because, at the place where he is going to spend the summer, there is always a plenty of fresh truck.

The July issue of our paper is, to a considerable extent, a school number, and many copies will be taken home, as mementoes, by the children.

The boys in the printing department have worked faithfully during the past month and it is well they have, for the amount they had to do was very unusual.

Many of our boys are ardent disciples of Isaak Walton, and the first thing they expect to do when they get home will be to "overhaul" their fishing-tackle.

Johnny MacNee's last journal says, "I expect to have a very enjoyable time with my family while at home. They are very kind to me and I love them all very much."

There is a vast amount of weaving of various kinds done in our state, and it has been suggested that the trade is one that might be introduced with benefit to our school.

Mr. Walker says that, after we leave, he feels like one who treads alone, some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but him departed.

Charles Dobbins has a great deal of pride in his native town, and almost jumped for joy when he heard that the Mercer car had taken second money in the Indianapolis race.

Recent letters from Arthur Blake inform us that he is greatly pleased with his position on the Altoona Tribune. There's no doubt but that Arthur will make a success of it.

There have been some eighty volumes added to our library during the past term, all sterling works, and there are few school or college libraries now in the state that are better.

The splendid physical condition of our children was never more clearly shown than in the dumb-bell exercises of the boys and the scarf-dull of the little girls on Thursday.

Mina Smith could not sleep very well after her excursion to the Park, the other day, and says "maybe it was because I drank two cups of coffee and ate so much." May be, Mina.

The prizes for excellence, this year are the finest ever. These prizes are quite an incentive to the little folks and it is sincerely hoped that we shall have sufficient funds to afford them in all coming years.

The Bucks Co. Natural History Society had its annual outing on Saturday, spending the day at the Narrows and Ringing Rocks up the river. Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Mr. Sharp were among those who attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter had the boys from the printing and engraving departments in to a jollification with him on Friday evening. Games, straw-berrys and ice-cream were the pabulum and all pronounced the occasion a most enjoyable one.

The last moving picture lecture of the term was given on Saturday evening. The subjects were all of a highly educational character, save one bright little playlet and they were greatly enjoyed by all.

Josephine Kulikowski's father has written her that he now has a fine flock of pigeons. Of course Josephine is all curiosity to see them. She is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the summer on many accounts. She hopes to spend a few days with Marion Apgar on the farm among other things.



LUNCH-TIME ON THE BOARD THE "TWILIGHT"

A vote of thanks is hereby tendered by the boys and girls to Mr. Newcomb for his splendid work with the moving-picture machine, his painstaking attention to their table, and for all his efforts in their behalf during the term.

In striking at a ball on Thursday, Russel Jackson's bat flew out of his hands and struck Tony Tafro on the cheek, giving him a bad black eye. Tony quickly explained to the supervisor, when he arrived, that it was purely accidental.

Our trip to Philadelphia was a very fine one and everybody enjoyed it. Owing to the number of stops made by the boat and the early hour at which we started to return, our stay in the city was rather brief, but we cannot complain as nothing could have been more enjoyable than the going and coming on the steamboat.

The children took a four mile walk around Philadelphia while there on Thursday. Among the places they visited were Independence Hall, John Wanamakers, the City Hall, the Penna. R. R. station, the Academy of Fine Arts and the shopping district on Chestnut and Market Sts. Some of them had never seen Philadelphia before.

The girls of the dress-making, millinery and embroidery departments were the guests of Misses Bilbee, Whelan and Stevenson at a lawn party in Cadwalader Park, on Wednesday afternoon. They had a delightful time playing games until six o'clock, when a fine luncheon was served and all returned on the 8:15 trolley, declaring it the red-letter afternoon of the season.

The Gentle Art of Kodaking

(An address by J. H. McFarlane, March Meeting Alabama G. G. A. Photographs by the author)



"OLD FAITHFUL"

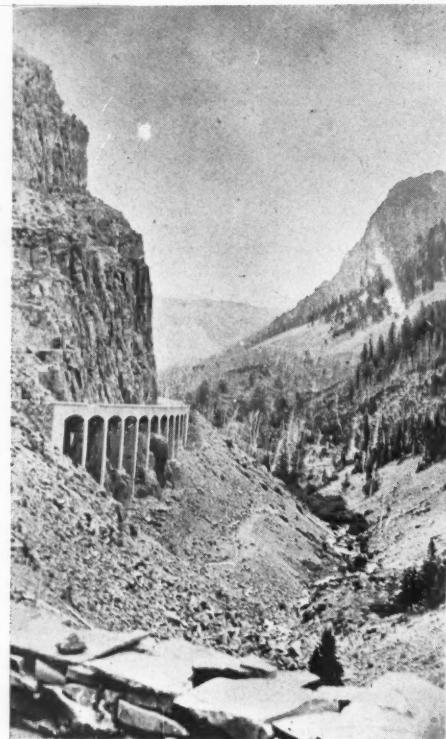
THE desire to possess the earth, at least enough of it on which to build something in the shape of a bungalow, has possessed man ever since the days which antedate real estate deals in swamp lots. And although the possibility of gratifying this innate land-grabbing mania is constantly decreasing, like the size of New York flats, it is never squelshed; on the contrary it manifests itself in a new species of the *homo genus* called the "kodak fiend" or "kodaker." Whence the term kodaking and "kodakery" which, by their very sound, aspire to nothing less than art.

The kodaker may be defined as a "necessary nuisance"—a creature of necessity, who being denied his right to a slice of the mundane sphere, is impelled as the best alternative to box and carry off slices of its landscape—with a kodak!

As has been intimated the scope of the activities of the kodaker are world-wide—he shoots at anything, being particularly elated if he can include in a bit of scenery, a president, an ex-president or a great financier. One of the favorite subjects for beginners is "grandpa," or, perchance, his horse, whose "likenesses" are made to resemble so closely certain of the prehistoric mammalia as to sustain the Darwinian theory.

Thus a kodak in the hands of a youngster shows a remarkable propensity to exaggerate—especially those features of one's physique that are meant to be inconspicuous. The expert kodaker, on the other hand, can either make his camera lie outright, or else tell its unpleasant truth agreeably through that fine point of kodakery, that most subtle flattery—retouching. By retouching, a subject is made to look as others do not see her and not anywhere near as handsome as she sees herself.

The professional photographer modifies the physiognomic mistakes of nature or his camera by retouching. As an amateur I once saved the face of a fair subject by some neat *repairing*. It was out west where they do things up in a hurry and in developing the negative of a belle of that region I accidentally broke off a piece of her nose. The subject had gone out of reach of a second shot by my kodak, paying for a dozen of No. 1 beforehand, so the only thing to be done was to affix thereto a new nose. This was accomplished to the satisfaction of competent



VIADUCT, YELLOWSTONE PARK

critics among the subject's acquaintance, who failed to detect anything wrong with the new feature, which was distinctly Greekian and an improvement over the old. But the subject herself was less appreciative, for gazing long and hard at her "latest" she ex-



ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

claimed with a vengeance that was wasted (the kodaker being a few hundred miles away) "What's the matter with my nose?"

It has been remarked by one of our modern sages that the best way to make enemies is to "hire friends." To which it may be appended that the best way to make enemies among the fair sex is to kodak 'em. For, no matter how the kodaker makes his machine lie it can never speak things poetic. There is one loophole, however, through which the kodaker can usually crawl when asked by a girl as to the result of her pose before his camera, and that is the elastic term "pretty fair." Thus if her photo



UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

does not appeal to that chief characteristic of man—or woman—vanity, he can fall back on the descriptive "fair," which promises little. But when coupled to "pretty" it is certain to work even if his kodak has not.

Quite a few notables have posed before my kodak, but I found every one of them easier to get than the average girl who expects the camera to work magic, or the baby who takes it for a gun. One of the most photographed subjects in America is that freakish vent of nature in Yellowstone Park—"Old Faithful." Every kodaker aspires to get Old Faithful, and in the process Old Faithful, it often happens, gets him. So when I took in Yellowstone, my chief objective, was the Great Geyser. Starting out one afternoon with a well-loaded kodak I approached the scene of Yellowstone's greatest attraction and mirth producer. As the geyser gives a deaf man no warning of its hourly upheaval, I thought it best to ask directions at the camp of the Park police on my way.

I was "taken in" and entertained with yarns, being assured that Old Faithful would not explode till I got ready (?) to take her—when suddenly with a waving of arms that meant "there she goes; get a move on," the guides set me off on a race with the spouting monster as if they expected me to shoot it like a bird on the wing. I enjoyed the little joke at my expense, seeing the fun of it caused such an explosion of laughter as resembled the outburst of Old Faithful. So, patiently waiting till my giant subject poked its head out of its hole again, I was rewarded with a good photo.

Rivalling Old Faithful, or perhaps Niagara, in the kodakers' estimation—if the number of film wrappers bestrewed about these shrines is any indication—is the Great Falls of the Yellowstone. The familiar post-card view of the Upper Falls, taken from a convenient platform (such as is sold at the corner drug store in Pumpkinsville) did not look to me worth a turn of the reel—I wanted a shot to show that I had been at the Falls. Hence I found myself taking the unbeaten path several miles around to the other side of the river, where, letting myself down by means of the shrubbery that jutted out of the rocky cliff, I got a good focus on the famous scene—a view whose value is enhanced by the fact that a mis-movement in getting it would have sacrificed—



TRAMP BEAR IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

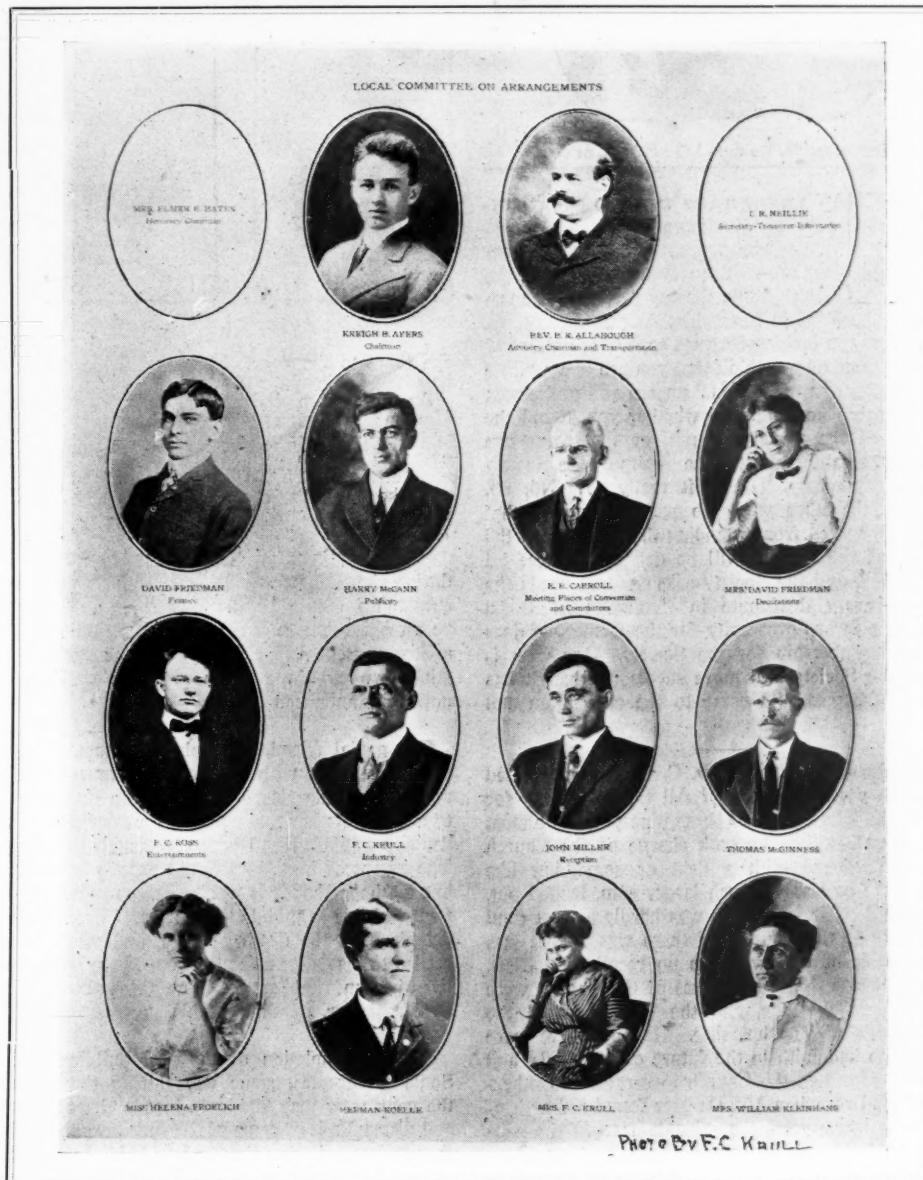
several feet of film; in fact, a whole photo-machine, to the seething water below.

It has been shown that the news-kodaker's greatest asset is his unabashed nerve. To put it bluntly, he lives upon his CHEEK. In a big town where the foot-ball fever was running high I once had occasion to see how my nerve as a kodaker would take me. On the strength of my being a newspaper photographer I secured a complimentary ticket to the game, but leaving home in a hurry, with just enough time to get to the field of action before the fray began, I forgot my ticket. There was not time to return for it, nor did I wish to pay a fancy price for what was already mine. So, with a fine flourish of my instrument and some college rhetoric, I cowed the gatemen into seeing that I had come by arrangement with the management to get the whole show and that I would get him presently if I were not passed.

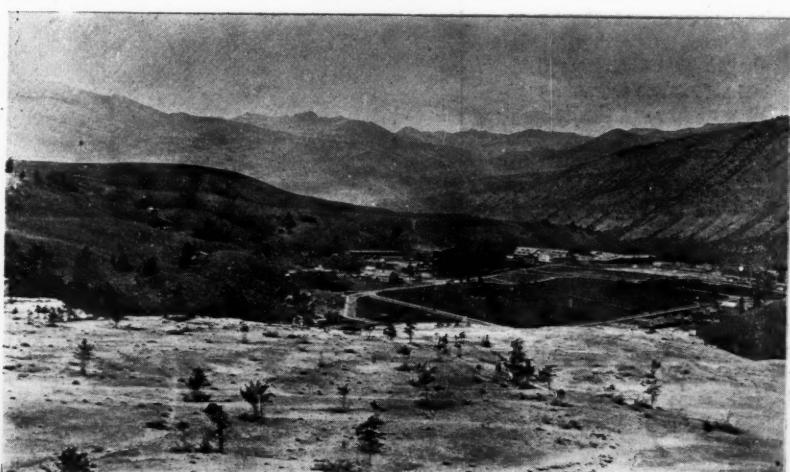
One of the favorite yarns of American history is how the wily Cap. John Smith subdued the savage spleen with a compass. The revised edition of the future will probably go it one better—telling how the kodak fiend, by working his machine at the psychological moment, subdued a worse type of savage, the "grouchy" big chief of politics or finance.

That there can exist in inanimate things an attachment to the animate approaching affection, is proven by the kodaker and his favorite kodak. A covetous rascal who knew not the dire consequences of meddling with this attachment once separated me from my kodak by as much of the state of Texas as he could get over. The local sheriffs and chief of police were soon aware that the peace of the Sabbath-like community had been disturbed, and quickly made up a case that would have baffled the instinct

Local Committee on Arrangements National Association of the Deaf Cleveland, Ohio, August 20 - 27, 1913



of a Burns. Meanwhile, the stolen machine was proving a "hoodoo" in the hands of the thief—it simply wouldn't work for him, so he dropped it per parcel post like a hot one, not even waiting to remove his exposed roll of film. And on that roll was recorded—but that story belongs to another reel!



FORT
YELLOW-
STONE

THAT INVESTIGATION

The Oregon School has just passed through a legislative investigation brought about by baseless charges against the management. This is nothing unusual. Every now and then we hear of these investigations, and almost every School for the Deaf in the country has had such an experience at one time or another. Any discharged employee or irresponsible student can prefer charges, and the School authorities have to submit to the annoyance. But the investigation generally brings reproach upon the management. The Oregon case has turned out to be a good thing for the School, for the legislative committee not only exonerated the management from all blame but recommended that liberal appropriations be made for improvements by the Superintendent.—*Virginia Guide*.

Spain enjoys the reputation of having two talented deaf artists, Senors de Zubiaurre who are brothers.—*California News*.

The Washington State School for the Deaf boasts a Boy Scout company. The boys in the company are said to be very enthusiastic and elated over the fact that they will be permitted to enter contests for medals and prizes. May they win their full share.—*North Dakota Banner*.

THE SILENT WORKER



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.

MAY we say a few words to our fellow-deaf of Pennsylvania? We are approaching another convention—twenty-seventh meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf in Shamokin, August 14, 15, 16, 1913. Are you looking forward to it? If not, why? Perhaps some of you think that you are like a "little drop of water in the bucket," unseen and undesired; that it makes no difference whether you attend the meeting of the Society or not, or that there are others who can administer the affairs of the Society without your help. But is it really so? No, no. It is just the other way. No one is so humble that he can be spared from attending the convention; the officers of the Society will be delighted to see all who attend, and the Society asks for and needs the help of every deaf-mute in Pennsylvania. As a large crop means prosperity for the farmer, so does a large membership for the Society. Our wish is to see the Society still more successful than it has been in the past. So come to the convention and help us.

On June the first, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer passed his ninth year as Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf. The record of these nine years is almost phenomenal. When he took charge of the Church it was burdened with a debt of something like \$400, more or less; a much larger sum, loaned out, was uncollectible, and there was hardly a trust fund remaining to the Church; if there was any, it was so insignificant that we have no recollection of it. Certain it was that the finances of the Church were in a very bad shape, and the Mission faced the worst crisis of its whole life. Happily, there were those who had faith in the future of All Souls' and continued loyal to the Church in service and otherwise. And so, when Mr. Dantzer found a dearth of funds, he had a yet more valuable asset in the willing and hearty co-operation of the leading members of the Church. Together they at once began the work of improving the financial condition, and steady progress was made. Mr. Dantzer insisted on greater system in all work, which inspired greater confidence among his people, and results soon began to show; he did not only talk, direct, and order, but himself joined in the drudgery of rebuilding, often donning overalls when the work was of a dirty kind. The effect of his example may be readily imagined. To-day the Rev. Mr. Dantzer has the great satisfaction of seeing the results of nine years of work—the rejuvenated church, and, in a short time, of a beautiful new All Souls' Church and Parish House in a new and desirable location. The value of these is about \$55,000; then the Church has trust funds which yield an income of about \$450 a year, and several special funds in banks, not mentioning the current expense fund. Indeed, the financial condition of All Souls' was never better than it is now.

The following was reported in *The Record* on May 23rd.

WOODBURY, N. J., May 22.—Policeman Redfield today neatly trapped a couple of young men who are said to have been victimizing residents. When arrested they gave their names as Joseph and Albert Thompson and said they were brothers. Each assumed to be deaf and dumb and presented a card to householders asking for assistance in getting an education. They were successful to an extent, but one woman thought she heard them talking before

ILLINOISANS IN
LOS ANGELES,
CAL.

Left to right—Mrs. Waddell, Miss Chenworth, Mr. Bunson, Miss Peck, Abe Himmelschein, Mrs. Mills, Simon Himmelschein. Others who are not in the group but used to live in Illinois are Mr. H. Fritz, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. Dr. Dikeoff, Mr. Mills. Mr. Waddell, Mr. Kennedy.



she came to the door. She notified the officer and he watched them for a time.

As they were walking down the road toward Mantua the officer caught up with them on his wheel and said in a low voice: "Look out, there, I'll run over you." Both jumped aside, and he stopped and arrested them. They begged to be allowed to go, and said they would never come to this city again, but were held for Court.

Several outings have been arranged for our deaf during the Summer. The first of those was an excursion to Menlo Park on June 21st. There will be an excursion to Wildwood, N. J., on July 24th, a Sunday School picnic in Fairmount Park on July 5th. Two or three other proposed outings have not been announced yet.

Our genial friend, Mr. John C. Lentz, of Jones-town, Pa., met with a most unfortunate accident recently. While cleaning an old gun that belonged to his grandfather and contained a cartridge, it accidentally exploded and severely mangled his hands. The extent of his injury is not exactly known now, but we hope that it is not as bad as reported. Mr. Lentz, who is in middle life, formerly lived in Philadelphia. On the death of his grandfather, he succeeded to his estate at Jones-town, where he has since lived in comfortable style. One of his sisters is Mrs. R. M. Ziegler, of Philadelphia.

As the completion of the new building for All Souls' progresses, some day during the Summer, the contractor may suddenly invade the old church and dismantle it of some of the furniture and fixings, thereby necessitating the deaf to hold their services at some other place. It will not likely prove a serious interruption though, as the Summer attendance is usually small and there may be no difficulty to find temporary quarters. We may even be able to remain in the old place until the new one is ready.

At present there are three active Missions among the deaf of Philadelphia, the Episcopal, the Catholic and the Hebrew, and, together with the other active organizations, they provide quite a list of entertainments and events. It reminds one of the "continuous vaudeville" of the present-day theatre. It is not to be supposed though that the same deaf can attend all the events as they come in rapid succession, and non-attendance at any of the other's events should not be taken as implying opposition. Each sect vies with the others to bring success to its organization, as do the non-religious organizations, and that is but natural. Let the peoples of each one patronize the events in which they have a common interest and such others as they please to do. That will make the burden of patronage feel lighter to our deaf. The most remarkable thing about this matter is that, aside from a frequent conflict of dates, there has thus far been no friction between the various organizations worthy of note. This is a good thing, and, if it keeps on this way, it will be possible for all to attain, at least, a fair measure of success.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien had a miraculous escape from death, on the night of May 11th, last, by falling down the stairway of his home. It occurred at 1:30 A.M., in a way which he is not able to explain. He sustained severe injuries of the body; but, except for a lacerated ear, his head showed no effects of the fall, which seems strange. At this writing, he is on the mend as fast as can be expected. Mr. O'Brien is employed as foreman in a department of the Cudahy Packing Company's Philadelphia branch, of which his brother is manager. He came here from Omaha, Neb., and at present is Vice-President of Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. F. S. D.

In order to replenish its expense fund, the Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. F. S. D., gave an entertainment at All Souls' Hall on Saturday evening, May 24th. The features were several shadow plays, sale of refreshments, and distribution of prizes. The attendance was unusually large, and the affair provided a very pleasant social evening.

The Summer season has made its round again, so let us wish all a pleasant and enjoyable time, whether going away or staying at home.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than of a true obedience.—Henry Giles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Standacher and Children, Duluth, Iowa.



Mr. Standacher is a Gallaudet College graduate and for years has been successfully conducting a periodical subscription agency in his home city.

Silent Workers Made Fine Record During The Year

BY HANS PETER HANSEN



Standing—Petoio, f.; Capt. Garland, f.; Brown, g.; Davis, g. Sitting—Baumlin, c.; Otis, g.

WITH the remarkable record winning eighteen out of twenty-three games, the Silent Workers' basket-ball team has ended one of the best years in the history of basket-ball at the school. The Silent Workers were in the City Amateur league for about three months, and after playing eight games, they were dropped on account of their failure to appear at three contests scheduled against them. The three games in which the Silent Workers failed to appear in were on account of illness among the players.

The individual star was John Garland, the captain, commonly known as "Fat," because he smiles when he dribbles the ball. He is considered a star, as he can throw the ball into the net from the centre of the floor with one hand. This boy needs some watching, for he will perhaps jump into the big league some day. John hails from Jersey City, is 18 years old and weighs 140 pounds.

Alfred Baumlin was second to Garland in goal throwing. This fellow is known as "Little Hippo," because he is the heaviest boy on the entire team. At centre he played wonderfully, and he has done much work to bring the team to the front. Alfred hails from Perth Amboy, is 18 years old and weighs 165 pounds.

Tony Petoio, dubbed "Whirlwind Tony," because of being in the place where he is wanted, at forward and at guard. He displayed splendid form and acted like a lion and prevented many players from scoring. He lives in Newark, is 17 years old and weighs 126 pounds.

Charles Otis, manager of the team, was fourth in scoring. This is his first year as manager. He has both senses—speaking and hearing. His worth to the organization of deaf fellows is of great value. Under his management the team has made fine progress. He acted as a guard all season and his playing has been of great value. He sometimes tossed field goals and registered a few. He resides in Trenton, is 19 years old and weighs 154 pounds.

Frederick Waltz, known in the basket-ball history

of this school as the old "War Horse," has been in many basket ball wars. He is not in the picture, but he is a good and valuable player and assisted Otis to hold tight to the opponents. He lives in Trenton, is 20 years old and weighs 158 pounds.

Arthur Blake, "Wireless Blake," settled in the sixth place, for he only played six games and left the school to take up a position as a linotype operator with a prominent firm in Altoona, Pa. He is a valuable player and guard. He resides in Jersey City, is 19 years old and weighs 150 pounds.

Thomas Titus Brown, the colored guard, presented in seventh place. Once in a while he acted as a forward and guard. He hails from Atlantic City, is 16 years old and weighs 136 pounds.

Hartley Davis, alias Farmer Davis, is 18 years old and weighs 140 pounds. He is a pretty good player. The record follows:

Silent Workers	80	Kent A. C.	4
Silent Workers	9	Trenton Tigers	21
Silent Workers	35	Cadets	8
Silent Workers	2	Bryans	0
Silent Workers	72	Silent Workers, Jr.	16
*Silent Workers	16	Y. M. C. A.	32
Silent Workers	40	Cadets	8
Silent Workers	51	Olympic	3
*Silent Workers	21	Mercer Auto	11
Silent Workers	2	Fowler A. C.	0
*Silent Workers	2	Y. M. C. A.	0
Silent Workers	25	Apha	32
*Silent Workers	34	Monument Pottery	7
*Silent Workers	10	Stillhouse Rangers	17
Silent Workers	31	Trenton Tigers	15
*Silent Workers	20	Stillhouse Rangers	26
*Silent Workers	21	Alpha	17
Silent Workers	63	Coalport	0
Silent Workers	64	Rausher A. C.	3
Silent Workers	23	Lenoxville	14
Silent Workers	2	P. R. R. Shops	0
Silent Workers	36	Lambertville H. S.	14
Silent Workers	2	Lambertville	0

Total..... 671 Total..... 271

*City Amateur league games.
The individual records follows:

	Games.	Fld.	G.	F1.	G.	P.C.
Garland, f.	18	96	43	235		
Baumlin, c.	18	75	0	150		
Petoio, f., g.	18	61	0	122		
Otis, g.	11	17	8	40		
Waltz, g.	8	15	0	30		
Blake, g.	6	14	0	28		
Brown, g.	7	8	5	21		
Davis, f.	7	6	0	12		
Dunning, g.	2	2	0	4		
					—	—
Totals	290	56	642			

The Silent Workers Base Ball Team Also Makes a Good Record

The Silent Workers base-ball team has just closed the season with a pretty good record of winning ten out of twelve games, defeating some semi-professional teams in Trenton. They opened the season with a win and also closed in the same manner. After they were defeated in two straight games they started again and won six straight.

We got many big scores from the opponents in every game until in the closing game when we were nearly defeated by the Triangles by a score of 8 to 7.

John Garland, known as "Fat," was the catcher of the team and during the year he has captained the team successfully. Base stealers were few this year, owing to Garland's wonderful throws to second and third bases. He has caught Petoio's delivery in every game.

"Matty" Petoio, one of the best pitchers the school has developed in many years, has done nearly all the twirling and is credited with winning nine and losing two games. The best game he pitched the whole season was against the Whirlwind A. C. when he was in fine form, allowing his opponents but one hit. He has wonderful control and lots of speed and can pitch any curve except a spit-ball. "Matty" has struck out 83 batsmen and allowed but 13 base on balls the entire season.

"Southpaw" Higgins pitched one game and won it. He has some speed in his left hand but he lacks control.

"Big Mule" Baumlin, the first baseman of the team, has put out many players, due to his height. He stands six feet and when a player throws a wild ball he goes high in the air after it. He is a fair hitter and base runner.

"Cool-headed" Throckmorton, the third baseman, is credited with bringing in the most runs and also putting out the players when they are about to reach home. He has been hitting about as much as any of those big league stars are doing at present.

"Wild Cat" Shaw has been playing a fine game at short and has caught many terrific "bangs." He is one of those good hitters of the team.

"Home Run" Brede, the fellow who plays left field, has brought in the most home-runs and has done much to get his team on the road to victory. When there are men on bases and a player hits a long fly to deep left field, Brede goes after it and pulls it down like a big league star does.

Brown, Pease, Palmieri and Davis have also put up a good game, but these boys need a little more experience to have their names put in.

The record:

Silent Workers	15	Dileo A. C.	10
Silent Workers	30	Mercer A. C.	12
*Silent Workers	18	Contenninal School	8
Silent Workers	17	Miller A. C.	5
*Silent Workers	4	Third Presbyterian	24
Silent Workers	5	Miller A. C.	7
Silent Workers	13	Jersey Blues	6
*Silent Workers	22	Cottage Club	6
Silent Workers	18	Miller A. C.	13
*Silent Workers	15	Chambersburg Club	3
Silent Workers	17	Whirlwind A. C.	0
*Silent Workers	8	Triangles	7

*9 innings.

HANS PETER HANSEN.

THE PASSING OF A VETERAN

By Albert Berg, M.A., of the Indiana School Faculty

SHE close of the present school year (69th) of the Indiana State School for the Deaf marks the passings of Professor Sidney Jefferson Vail from its teaching force after a continuous service of fifty-three years. He retires voluntarily feeling that, at the age of seventy-four and after laboring so long, he is entitled to a rest. And he has certainly earned it.

Mr. Vail came to Indiana from New York in 1860. He was an instructor-in-training at the Fanwood school, his *alma mater*, the year before, and Dr. McIntire, superintendent of the Indiana school, upon the recommendation of Dr. Harvey P. Peet, then superintendent at Fanwood, extended him a call. He accepted it with reluctance and misgiving, Indiana then being practically a frontier state and the prospects of its deaf-mute educational work rather uncertain. He had under consideration at the same time an offer to teach at a southern school, but finally decided in favor of Indiana, and never had occasion to regret the choice, nor in leaving home and kindred to cast his fortune with the young and growing West.

It falls to the lot of few to go through the unique experience as has Mr. Vail, of serving under four different superintendents, two of them covering a period longer than the average duration of incumbency of school superintendents. He served under Dr. Thomas McIntire from 1860 to 1878; under Dr. William Glenn from 1878 to 1884; under Mr. Eli P. Baker from 1884 to 1889 and since 1889 under Superintendent Johnson. He has seen many notable changes take place, not the least being the final development of the school into its present splendid institutional plant. Coming to Indianapolis when it was a small country town he has seen it grow into a great city of nearly 300,000 people.

During his fifty-three years of work, Mr. Vail has had approximately a thousand boys and girls under his tutelage. Among them are several who now are themselves teachers and not a few others who stand conspicuously prominent in deaf-mute affairs of the present day. In recognition of this distinguished record, Gallaudet College, in 1910, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy.

In 1858 Mr. Vail graduated from the Fanwood school with high honors. Only two other members of the class are yet living,—one being Gilbert Hicks, of the well-known nursery firm bearing that name of Westbury, Long Island, and the other Albert A. Barnes, now and for a long time a clerk in the New York post-office registry department where he is one of the oldest employees, both in age and longevity of service. These three have remained old cronies ever since; having written to one another with regularity and exchanging visits every summer through all these many years. Now that Mr. Vail goes back to spend the remainder of his days, he will have the pleasure of seeing more of those who were his boyhood friends and playmates.

Mr. Vail will make his home at Murray Hill, N. J., with a daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth McKim Rusk, postmistress of that place. Another daughter, Miss Helen Ch. Vail, is supervising teacher of the New Jersey School for the Deaf at Trenton, and she will be close enough to see that her father has every comfort and care. And there is grandson Sidney, Mr. Vail's namesake, of whom he thinks a great deal and who will be to him a source of much of that contentment which is his due.

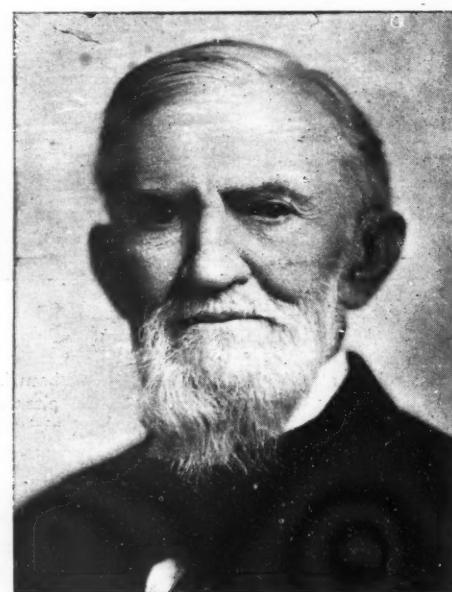
Although his physical condition was not quite satisfactory the past year, Mr. Vail, sustained by a heroic disposition, managed to report regularly and punctually for work the whole term through without a single day's absence, thus bringing to a fitting close an uncommonly long record of duty well done.

We are sorry to have our friend and comrade leave us and shall cherish many an affectionate

thought of him and invoke many a prayer for his well-being.

It is not out of place in connection herewith to express our regret that the great state of Indiana has not yet risen to the necessity and justice of pensioning those of its teachers who, after many years of service, have reached such a stage of physical disability as to force retirement, as in so exceptional and meritorious a case as this one where the service has been remarkably long. It so transcends the usual experience of life as to compel a sort of universal consent that some adequate recognition is due from those in whose interests the service has been rendered.

We hope that Indiana will not much longer delay action to provide a pension system for the teachers of its school for the deaf. What a reflection on justice and humanity it is to retire without provision one who has so faithfully served over half a century



PROF. SIDNEY JEFFERSON VAIL

on a salary that little more than compensated the bare expenses of living! Not only Indiana but all those of our states derelict therein will in due time and soon realize that an unrequited duty is before them that cannot be brushed aside.

And there remains also the hope that at the convention of Superintendents and Principals of Schools for the Deaf, to be held at Indianapolis June 27 to July 2, the subject of pensions will be brought up and pressed forward, and were an incentive needed for prompt and decisive action, the present case should serve as a living argument to stimulate it.

"N. A. D. Convention in 1915"

The 1913 convention of the N. A. D. in Cleveland is but three months away, at this writing and various cities will put in their bids for the next one.

Seattle has been having an annual carnival called the Potlatch, but plans are on foot to drop this for 1914 and 1915, and instead raise a fund of some \$200,000 to make this the convention city of 1915, the year of the Panama-Pacific exposition. Eastern tourists going to the exposition in 1915, can swing northward to the Puget Sound region, then back east over an entirely different route at practically the same fare for the round trip.

Two big conventions that indications seem favorable for Seattle to capture are the Shiners and the Elks.

The Puget Sound Association of the Deaf has decided to extend an invitation to the N. A. D. to

hold its next convention here, provided it wants to meet in 1915 instead of 1916.

We are aware that California is urging the convention to go there in 1915. California has barely a half dozen members in the N. A. D., while Washington has loyally supported the association with some forty members. The chief promoter for securing the convention for California is Douglas Tilden, who soured at his defeat for the presidency during the Norfolk convention, bolted the association and has never contributed a cent or been a member of the association since. Yet this rank outsider is reputed to be a formidable contender for the presidency during the coming Cleveland convention! Of course, no one except a member is eligible to run as a candidate, and we suppose Tilden will be sport enough to put up his dollar to entitle him for a look in at the preliminaries.

The real purpose of Tilden is to tear down the N. A. D. and put his own impracticable ideas into effect. To his mind forming a federation is as easy as rolling off a log or capitalizing a wild cat mining company at \$1,000,000. All that needs to be done is to slap together a few defunct organizations and lo, and behold, out stands the imposing federation, like a wart on a man's nose.

The Puget Sound region, with its great land-locked salt water sound, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, has a wealth of natural scenery to attract the tourist, and has the finest summer climate in the world. Tourists flock here for the summer as they flock to southern California in mid-winter.

The trip is a long one, and the expense correspondingly great, but as every N. A. D. convention has been held east of the Rockies to date, it would only be doing the handsome thing to give the extreme west a chance. Seattle, 1915?

A. W. WRIGHT.

SEATTLE, May 16, 1913.

Milliman and The Press to Give Mostellor Benefit

On tomorrow evening a special performance will be given at the Grand theatre under the auspices of Manager Milliman and the *East Stroudsburg Morning Press* for the benefit of Mrs. John Mostellor, wife of the suicide whose sad ending last week stirred the community. We feel that as friends and neighbors the whole town should respond to the need of the dear old woman so deeply bereaved in the white winter of her womanhood. She who struggled for a livelihood during nearly half a century with her afflicted husband has no fortune to sustain her now and it is but just that her townspeople should see that she does not want. This affair is not meant as charity. It is simply meant as a public testimonial of the proper sort of sympathy for a sorrowful woman who deserves the kindest consideration in view of her unhappy position.

For the information of those who may not be aware of the facts we relate that Mostellor was a deaf-mute who was home on a furlough from the Danville insane asylum when, discouraged by his many infirmities he took his own life by hanging himself in the attic of his home. Recently he was unable to work to any extent and the effort to sustain himself and his aged wife was a continual desperate struggle. Finally, terribly reduced financially and ill, he committed suicide. His wife also is a deaf-mute. On the morning of the tragedy she told in writing that they had but a few cents left and because her husband could not work steadily and support them well, he was discouraged.

Mrs. Mostellor is fighting a grim life's battle and the good people of East Stroudsburg can make things just a little easier for her by turning out in force at the Milliman-Morning Press benefit at the Grand theatre Tuesday evening.—*Stroudsburg Daily Times*, May 27, 1913.

Federation News

BY DOUGLAS TILDEN



OUR best writers continue to blunder about the word *session*. Let me explain.

The U. S. Congress does not have "sessions." The space of time from its first meeting to the prorogation of adjournment constitutes one session.

Consult your dictionary about this. Roberts Rules also has an explanation of the word.

The N. A. D. has but one session (not sessions), and the days on which we do not deliberate, are called recesses.

* * * * *

What is the Committee on Program?

All Committees must report to the convention. This includes the Committee on Program, otherwise known as the Local Committee. We had long supposed that whatever that Committee says, has the force of a law. That is a mistake, for the Committee is in reality an advisory body. When the Committee submits the program as its report and you either say nothing or hold up your hand to O. K. it, well and good, but it cannot announce its arrangements for the whole week unless the report is in the first place approved by the assembly.

* * * * *

MR. FRANKENHEIM'S REPORT.

This gentleman who so ably represented America at Paris, placed in my hands more material about federation which had reached him too late for my first report on the French societies.

This budget consisting of answers to questions, pamphlets issued by the foreign societies, financial reports, etc., would make an interesting article, and I had intended to make up such a paper for publication in the SILENT WORKER some time before the summer.

But I am warned that "timeliness is a virtue of the modern journalism," and already federation has been discussed to a point of weariness, so I have to regretfully drop the subject.

* * * * *

THE FINAL WORD.

It is six years since the Norfolk Convention, that I had kept at Federation, rain or sunshine, on the theory that, if it is right that we should possess a national organization like the N. A. D., it should be mapped out on a large and splendid scale.

The transition from a national association to a national federation is in reality an easy one. It is human nature alone which is an unknown quality at Cleveland. The bad in it that would invent delatory or obstructive tactics, will be its own punishment, but then in the resultant injury, the whole nation will partake.

Æsop tells us of a lion and a bear having a royal battle over a morsel of food. A diminutive fox, who was an Oralist, stood by much amused, and when the lion and bear covered with blood and exhausted by the exertions, fell to the ground, the reynard seized the meat and ran away with it.

Do not let that happen at Cleveland. I wish you a brilliant and resultful convention.

Long live Imagination which controls the world!

Ant Wisdom

A cook being annoyed by the deprecations of ants, put a pie in the pantry shelf surrounded it with a thick circle of molasses and awaited development.

There came to the shelf 500 red ants, led by an ant larger than any other.

When he came to the molasses he halted and held a consultation with a small detachment from the main army.

Each one selected a place where the stream of molasses was narrowest, the leader made a tour of inspection and then all the ants made their way to a hole in the wall where plastering was loose.

Each ant took a tiny piece of plaster, and to and

from they went from nail hole to the molasses for two hours until they had thrown a bridge across.

Then they formed a line, marched over and soon every member of the army was contentedly eating pie.

—From *The St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

The Pittsburgh Silent Five

BY FRANK BLACKHALL.



THE PITTSBURGH SILENT FIVE

Standing—left to right—Clifford Davis, utility; Joe Johovic, forward; Walter Laughlin, guard and center. Sitting—left to right—Albert Lenz, forward; Vincent Dunn, captain and guard; Frank Blackhall, and guard; Wallace Moore, forward. Michael Boyle, center was absent from the photograph. He is the best and heaviest player on the team.

This team was organized on or about December 11, 1909, under the name of Pittsburgh Deaf-Mutes' Basket Ball team. It was changed to its present name a year later. Of the original team, only Vincent Dunn and Frank Blackhall are still in the game.

The Silent Five has an enviable record in the junior ranks. For the past four years they won a majority of their games. This team excelled their best record of previous years, winning 21 out of 29 games played during the season of 1912-'13.

All of the players came from the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, located at Edgewood Park, Pa. The prospects are good for another successful team next year. Their record is as follows:

Silent Five	13	Smoky City	15
Silent Five	40	Trinity Jrs	28
Silent Five	42	St. Joseph Jrs	8
Silent Five	61	Alvernia Jrs	10
Silent Five	18	South Hills	40
Silent Five	26	Homewood I. O. H.	25
Silent Five	35	Equitable Life	16
Silent Five	24	Homewood Tucks	28
Silent Five	16	Wilkinsburg Y. M. A.	1
Silent Five	18	Wilmerding Helmers	40
Silent Five	34	Fayette City	37
Silent Five	14	Wilkinsburg Nationals	13
Silent Five	40	Diamond Five	3
Silent Five	25	Crafton A. A.	13
Silent Five	31	Washington Lyceum	47
Silent Five	17	Leestdale Jrs.	31
Silent Five	2	W. Nat	0
Silent Five	32	Crafton Scholastics	6
Silent Five	2	Banks of Pgh.	0
Silent Five	11	Keystone Club	7
Silent Five	24	Crafton Scholastics	11
Silent Five	14	Carrick Tucks	13
Silent Five	28	Garfield Club	15
Silent Five	22	Equitable Life	20
Silent Five	33	Carrick Tucks	16
Silent Five	27	East Liberty Scholastics	4
Silent Five	2	Potter Title and Trust Co o	
Silent Five	27	East Palestine, O.	33
Silent Five	23	Schenley Club	11
Total.....	692	Total	391

The virtue of Christianity is obedience.—J. C. Hare.

Promising Deaf Artist

BY WALTER GLOVER

In the little town of Bostic, N. C., resides a young artist, a mute, 22 years of age, whose work is attracting much attention and favorable comment from discriminative lovers of art everywhere.

Broad Martin is his name. His friends are just beginning to realize the genius of this mountaineer. He has never had a moment's instruction from any artist, yet his work with the brush is, in itself, a prediction of his possible future.

Born and reared in Rutherford county, North Carolina, young Martin has never visited any of the large cities of his native state, in fact, he has never seen a city larger than Shelby, nor has he enjoyed educational advantages usually possessed by the American youth. However, he has been reared in an atmosphere of refinement and culture, and has absorbed much literary knowledge from association with his brothers and sisters, who are graduates of the state institution for the deaf and dumb at Raleigh.

HAS NEVER SEEN CITY

This circumstance, however, has not prevented the children from acquiring some education and the older members of the family have united in instructing Broad in some things he should know. The boy has mastered algebra, geometry and other branches of mathematics and derives great pleasure from the perusal of such instructive periodicals as the *World's Work*, *Outlook*, etc.

Young Martin is of a peculiar temperament in that he has emphatically refused to accept the earnest invitations of his wealthy brothers in Missouri to attend the best schools of art in Europe at their expense. Devotion for his aged mother has always caused him to decline their offers, and he may be seen any day at his home, sketching the facial outline of some well known historical character.

At the age of four years, Broad first began to show the signs of an artist, by beautifying the walls of his home with sketches of beautiful scenery near his mountain home. Later he began a series of caricatures of the crowned heads of Europe, which still hang on the walls of the Martin home, and received unstinted praise from the many visitors who come to admire Broad's work. Several years before President Woodrow Wilson came prominently before the public eye, Broad Martin, with a lead pencil, drew a marvellously accurate likeness of the former governor of New Jersey. Another likeness of Wilson from the pencil of this boy artist is on exhibition at Ballenger's paint establishment in this city, and a visit to the exhibit composed of the work of Martin will convince any competent art critic of the genius possessed by this lad, who never attended school one day in his life.

WORK ON EXHIBITION

Some of his work was exhibited in a neighboring city some months ago, and one of the pencil sketches was purchased by an art lover of New York.

One of the remarkable features of the young man is that he does not seem to realize his own ability, and is reluctant to allow any one to examine his work for fear of unfavorable criticism.

Because of his shyness few people have ever heard of the mute boy artist in North Carolina. One of his most ardent admirers is Mr. R. L. Leckie, a railway mail clerk on the C. C. and O. railway, himself no mean critic of art, as his trips abroad almost annually take him to the world's famous art galleries. —*The Spartanburg (S. C.) Journal*.

Most other passions have their periods of fatigue and rest, their suffering and their cure; but obstinacy has no resource, and the first wound is mortal.

—Thomas Paine.

Obstinacy is ever most positive when it is most in the wrong.—*Madame Necker*.

THE SILENT WORKER

Official Tentative Program of the National Association of the Deaf, Cleveland, Ohio, August 20-27, 1913.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20.
 10 A.M. Opening Meeting.
 Addresses of welcome and responses.
 Reading of Communications.
 Reading of the President's Address.
 Appointment of Committees.
 Announcements by the Local Committee.
 2 P.M. Committee Meetings.
 Conferences on reorganization and plans, etc.
 8 P.M. Reception by the Local Committee.

THURSDAY, AUG. 21.
 9 A.M. Committee Reports.
 Reading and discussion of papers.
 New Business.
 Announcements by the Local Committee.
 2 P.M. Committee Meetings.
 Conferences.
 Informal visit through greatest Auto factory by Local Committee.
 8 P.M. Social by the Local Committee.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22.
 9 A.M. Consideration of Reorganization, plans, etc.
 Amendments, Discussion.
 Unfinished Business.
 2 P.M. A Continuation of morning session.
 Caucus.
 5 P.M. Film Exhibition under the Auspices of the N. A. D. Moving Picture Committee.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23.
 Picnic at Launa Park by the Local Committee.

SUNDAY, AUG. 24.
 Religious services.
 To be arranged and announced by the clergy and others interested.

MONDAY, AUG. 25.
 9 A.M. Papers and discussion. Reports.
 Miscellaneous unfinished and new business.
 Announcements by the Local Committee.
 2 P.M. A continuation of the morning session.
 Committee meetings.
 Conferences, Caucus.
 8 P.M. "Fraternity Evening"
 Various Side meetings of the "Frats," "Knights," "O. W. L. S." etc., under their own auspices.
 The Local Committee will entertain the unattached.

TUESDAY, AUG. 26.
 9 A.M. Papers, Reports, Discussion.
 Miscellaneous, unfinished and new business.
 Announcements by the Local Committee.
 2 P.M. A continuation of the morning session.
 Committee meetings.
 Conferences, Caucus.
 8 P.M. Banquet by the Local Committee.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27.
 9 A.M. Election of Officers.
 Reports.
 Miscellaneous and unfinished business.
 Announcements.
 Adjournment Sine die.

Time for the following Committees to report will be indicated in the finished program:

Industrial Bureau.
 Bureau of Publicity.
 Moving Picture Committee.
 Printing Committee.
 Civil Service.
 Hartford Monument.
 Endowment Fund.
 Impostors.
 Memberships.
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 F. F. Proctor's Theatre..... Troy, N. Y.
 F. F. Proctor's Lyceum Theatre..... Troy, N. Y.
 F. F. Proctor's Theatre..... Cohoes, N. Y.
 F. F. Proctor's Jersey St. Theatre..... Elizabeth, N. J.
 F. F. Proctor's Broad St. Theatre..... Elizabeth, N. J.
 F. F. Proctor's Theatre..... Plainfield, N. J.
 F. F. Proctor's Opera House..... Plainfield, N. J.
 F. F. Proctor's Theatre..... Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
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A detailed program is in course of preparation concerning which suggestions are desired. Send at once to any member of the program committee:

OLOF HANSON, Ex-Officio Chairman,
 4747 16th Ave., Seattle, Wash.
 A. J. EICKHOFF,
 805 Oak St., Flint, Mich.
 J. H. CLOUD, Secretary,
 2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
 May 8, 1913.

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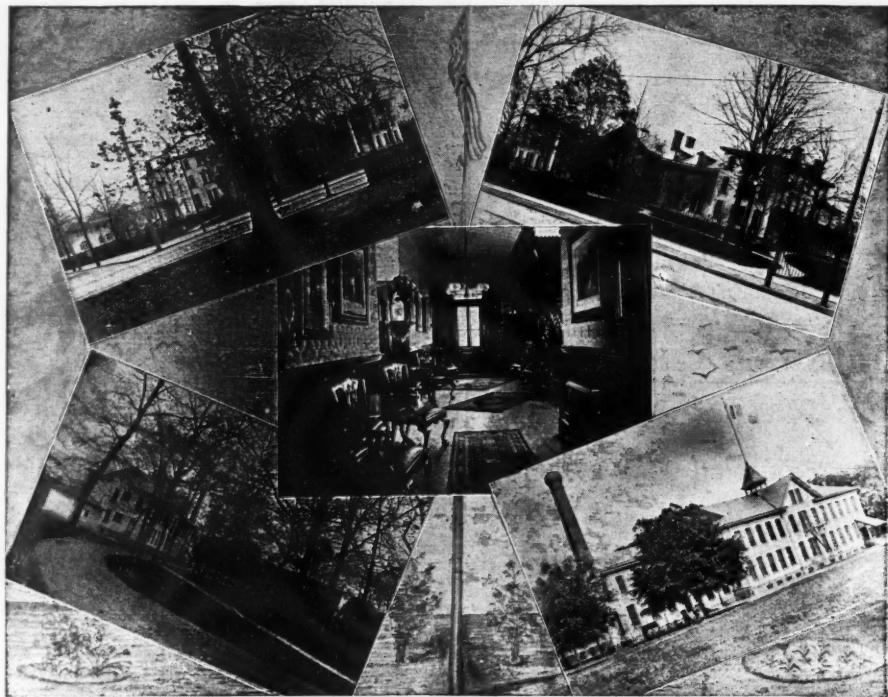
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